MEMOIRS OF
THER P. GALLWEY, S.J.

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE
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MEMOIRS OF
FATHER P. GALLWEY, S.J.

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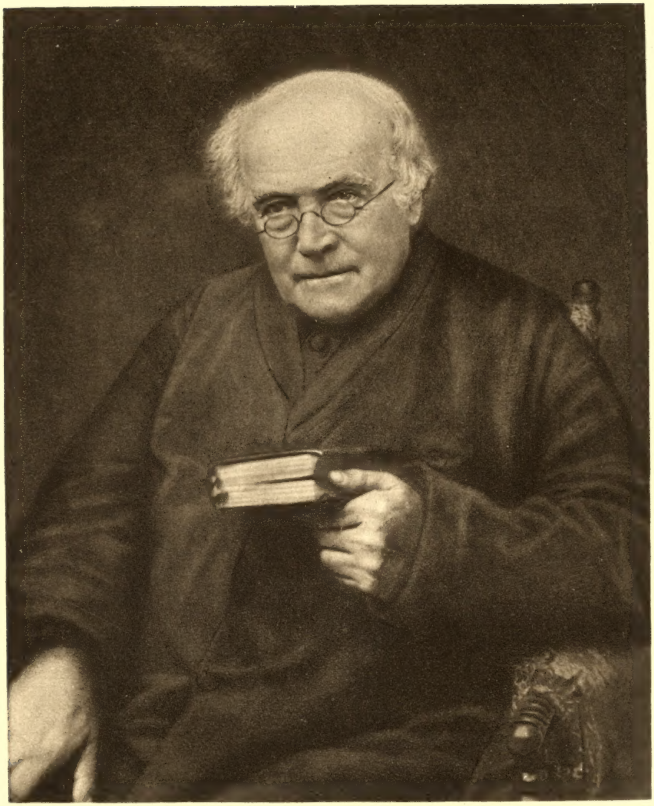

Father Peter Gallwey, S.J.
Born Nov. 13th 1820.
Died Sept. 23rd 1906.

MEMOIRS OF

FATHER P. GALLWEY, S.J.

WITH PORTRAIT

BY

FATHER M. GAVIN, S.J.

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES (LIMITED)
NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO: BENZIGER BROTHERS.

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Father Peter Rolling S.J.

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PREFACE.

BEYOND a graceful tribute, entitled *Father Gallwey*, by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in memory of his revered master and life-long friend, nothing has been published since Father Gallwey's death to chronicle his work for God in the Society of Jesus during seventy years.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's little sketch, as he terms it, contains some description of Stonyhurst in the days of his youth, bears witness to Father Gallwey's untiring energy, his love of literature, his interest in the Stonyhurst stage, and his devotedness to his pupils. It provides us also with some eighteen or twenty letters, written in the early fifties, from St. Beuno's College, North Wales, in the first year of Father Gallwey's priesthood. They are extremely interesting, revealing the warm heart of the writer, and varied by comments on literature and music and the passing events of

the hour. They represent the bright and happy days of his early manhood, and are naturally very different from the grave and measured letters of maturer years, in which he spoke of things divine, and trained souls in the perfection of their state.

This unpretending little volume of memoirs is not meant in any sense to be a Life. Various writers, who knew him as Superior, or served with him in the ranks, have contributed chapters which bring him before us as Novice Master, Giver of Retreats, Preacher and Writer of Books, one of which, the *Watches of the Passion,* has gained the distinction of a sixteenth edition. Thus sidelights are cast by friendly hands on a fervent Religious, while an attempt is made to describe his every-day life of prayer and labour and self-sacrifice as a member of the Mount Street Community.

A Life in the strict sense of the word is an impossibility. His correspondence has been almost entirely destroyed by himself, or by others, in many cases at his special desire. A letter, which quite recently came into my hands, to a Religious of the Sacred Heart, now in Mexico, gives the secret of

his wish to conceal all vestige of his good deeds. To a question asked by the Religious, " What is the quickest way of gaining the personal love of our Lord that you speak of so often? " Father Gallwey answered in a letter dated January 3, 1884:

" My dear Sister in Christ,

" St. John the Baptist's word is a good answer to your question and will do for a motto for the year: ' He must grow great and I must grow less.' Self is anti-Christ: self is the real obstacle to the love of our Lord. Love and selfishness are day and night. One must go before the other can reign."

Father Gallwey practised what he preached. The desire of advertisement is the characteristic of self. It loves to flourish its pious achievements. Hence our Lord selects prayer, fasting, almsdeeds as actions to be specially screened from the gaze of men. If done to be seen of men, the reward is given here, none other can be expected. Father Gallwey had a horror of anything that looked like self-advertisement. He must have known perfectly well that some day an attempt would

be made to publish his Life. He was determined to defeat this project, and was most successful in his aim. Of his correspondence with persons of note like Cecil Marchioness of Lothian, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Archbishop Errington, and hosts of others, through forty years, hardly a vestige remains. Lady Georgiana was his penitent and intimate friend, his letters to her were returned to him after her death. They would naturally have dealt with her literary labours and her many good works, and would have provided instructive reading. Her letters to him and his to her seem to have been destroyed by his own hand.

During the twelve years of his first rectorate in Farm Street, from 1857 to 1869, he was prominent in every good work in London. His influence was greater at that time than any subsequent period. He was in the maturity of his physical and intellectual powers, and much sought after as preacher, confessor, giver of retreats and missions ; he assisted and revised the publication of books, he was prominent in all works of charity in the Archdiocese. He never referred to his labours, and has left

no word or solitary letter behind to help his biographer. Few, for instance, know that he was the real founder of *The Month*. Mother Taylor, to whom we owe the Congregation of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, always gave Father Gallwey the credit of procuring that periodical for the Society. After one year, during which Cardinal Newman gave her for publication the *Dream of Gerontius*, she resigned the Editorship. "I consider," thus wrote Mother Taylor, "the real founder was Father Gallwey. He took the greatest interest in its start. So did Father Coleridge, whom I then knew only by correspondence. . . . Cardinal Newman took it up from the first and called on me that summer about it. Father Gallwey got James Doyle to design the cover, and it was he (J. D.) who suggested the name *Month*."

Though recognized as a master of the spiritual life, little remains in writing of his direction, which would have been highly prized by confessors and penitents. A kind of fatality seems to have followed all his correspondence. Wholesale destruction

was the order of the day. To a Religious of the Sacred Heart, he sent many letters of spiritual direction during two years' noviciate. Through a mistaken spirit of self-sacrifice she burnt all. One friend assured me she had letters from him for fifty years (and he rarely wrote save on spiritual things). They, too, have vanished. The clergy to whom he gave retreats would naturally at times have sought his guidance ; no line from them or him has ever rewarded my search.

We can only offer, then, the record of a holy life in great part hidden, with some letters which will at least afford pleasure and spiritual profit to his friends, while others may be glad to learn more from one whom they knew by reputation or heard preach, who read his books, or knelt in his confessional.

Should this little volume reach a second edition, perhaps his friends in distant lands may be tempted to forward letters that are still in their possession.

The veil has indeed been lifted, in two well-known biographies, from a portion of Father Gallwey's life, his Provincialate

(1873—76). His name and doings come to the front in Mr. Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*, and in the admirable *Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, which we owe to the pen of Mr. Snead-Cox. In Cardinal Manning's life, Father Gallwey is not always kindly spoken of, and in Cardinal Vaughan's life the letters and the biographer's comments remind us of discussions and controversies which are now almost ancient history. Men of great name and high example and of inflexible resolve, eager for God's glory, which each yearned to promote according to his lights, figure in these chapters. Saints have differed ere now in their mode of action and will differ again. Pope Leo XIII.'s ruling in his famous Constitution *Romanos Pontifices* closed discussion and dispute, and brought us profound peace. Any reference to Father Gallwey's action in his Provincialate would be out of place in these Memoirs.

The pleasing task alone remains of thanking all who contributed in any way to the publication of a necessarily inadequate record of an apostolic life. My

gratitude is especially due to the Religious of the Sacred Heart and of the Holy Child Jesus for information and for letters kindly lent, and to the Irish Sisters of Charity for the account furnished by them of the Hospice for the Dying at Hackney, that last good work of much-needed charity established by Father Gallwey in the weakness of his declining years.

We are very much indebted to Father Charles Blount, S.J., for his contribution, " Father Gallwey as Novice Master," and to Father John Rickaby, S.J., and Father Michael King, S.J., for their respective chapters on Father Gallwey as " Giver of Retreats " and on " His Published Works." To the kindness of Father Sydney Smith, S.J., we owe " Father Gallwey as a Controversialist," and to Father Chandlery, S.J., the Index.

M. G.

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CHAPTER I.

Stonyhurst in 1856.

I HAVE been asked to put on paper some Memoirs of Father Gallwey. It is a pleasure and privilege to be allowed to write of a Jesuit Priest, so much respected and so widely known in the English speaking world. Although in the hackneyed phrase he outlived his generation, the memory of his noble deeds still remains, his voice still speaks in his books, and his Brethren of the English Province venerate in him a devoted labourer, a fervent religious, an example for young and old to imitate.

Perhaps these jottings, however imperfect, may be welcomed by people in the world, by members of religious orders, by the secular Clergy, by religious in Convents where he gave Retreats, and may revive old recollections. Remarkable men are worth remembering.

My first sight of him was in September,

1856, when as a boy I went to Stonyhurst. He was Prefect of Studies, and to him belonged the duty of assigning the class to the newcomer. The class naturally depended on the knowledge of the pupil. After so many years, I remember perfectly that he asked me to put into Latin, "They say that Cæsar was killed by Brutus," and I muddled through somehow. At that date Father Gallwey was a tall, thin man, with black hair partly curled, he had a stoop, a very large massive head and sharp penetrating eye. From 1855 to the autumn of 1857 he was Minister and Prefect of Studies. The Minister in our houses is next in command to the Rector, looks after domestic discipline, and that important department, the Commissariat. Although Father Francis Clough, to whom Stonyhurst owes so much, was Rector, I am sure in the estimation of all the boys, Father Gallwey was by far the biggest man in the house. Somehow you felt his influence everywhere: everyone spoke of him, and seemed to bow before him, and nothing seemed complete without him. He made giant changes in the studies,

"Coming back from the University Examination," says Father Gerard in his *Stonyhurst Centenary Record*, "to the system followed in the College itself, a great change has to be recorded, which was introduced by Father Peter Gallwey in the year 1855—6. Greatly curtailing the amount of matter to be read in each class, so that all might be able to prepare it accurately, he at the same time revived the institution of the Extraordinary, which had fallen into disuse. He also introduced the division of classes into two opposite parties, Romans and Carthaginians, each boy having his rival, and also Concertatios. The system thus inaugurated, modified by succeeding Prefects of Studies, notably Father Purbrick and Father Kingdon, is that which is still followed."

Father Purbrick bears testimony to the life Father Gallwey infused into the Studies at Stonyhurst in a letter whence the following passage is taken:

"When Father Gallwey came to Stonyhurst as Prefect of Studies, he was unmistakably in earnest, working hard himself, and bent on making everyone else work hard, full of life and energy, no admirer of tradition, but ever eager to start fresh ex-

periments. He undoubtedly did a great work by stimulating emulation, by introducing Concertatios in public during the Community meals. In a word he could not abide stagnation."

He urged on the studies with might and main, and had the gift of inspiring at least a little of his own enthusiasm in those he came in contact with. He encouraged hard work and hated idleness in a class. I remember one day at the oral examination of a school, as we then called it, disappointed with the answering of some, he did not hesitate to say that over the door of every class ought to be written the warning, *aut disce aut discede*, either learn or go. He never minced matters, he was blunt and straight in his early manhood, blunt and straight in his green old age. You felt his influence all round; wherever Father Gallwey moved, there was life and stir and go. He kept up the pace. I remember as if it were yesterday when the handsome Refectory at Stonyhurst was enlarged; on November 12, 1856, it was opened and ready for use. The whole College was gathered together to hear Father Gallwey's address on the oc-

casion, the last words are in my ears still, " and I said, who ought not to say it, that to-morrow the Feast of St. Stanislaus should be a recreation day." Of course rapturous applause followed that pronouncement. Mention of his address reminds me of his sermons which the boys sometimes heard. Nothing now remains of them in my mind from these far off years, except the earnestness of the man, and the impression left of the holiness of the speaker. Jesuits have their faults and shortcomings like the rest of men. They are not, however, accused (at least among themselves) of anticipating the verdict of the Sovereign Pontiff and canonizing their brethren before their death. They wait with commendable patience for the *pronuntiamus, declaramus, et definimus* of the Pope in his Bull of Canonization. Father Gallwey had better luck in those distant times. I remember my master saying to me that he regarded Father Gallwey as a Saint. Everyone knows the meaning of the phrase, many men say it, or at least think it, of their mother. It means goodness far outside and beyond the even beaten ordin-

ary path. Most certainly that was the impression left by him on the boys. And this gave him immense authority with them, and added weight to his advice or to his reprimands. The high esteem in which he was held was conspicuous in every department of that large College, and no one seemed to rate him more highly than the Rector, Father Francis Clough. Within my hearing, years after when Father Clough was Rector at Beaumont, he related how some distinguished person in a trouble of conscience earnestly besought of him a Confessor more than usually gifted ; Father Gallwey was sent, and the penitent in tones of deep gratitude remarked when the Confession was over : " Oh what a man !"

He was destined for a larger field of labour and left Stonyhurst in November, 1857, to be Rector of Farm Street Church. He came to say good-bye in the higher Line Playroom, and the parting advice I still recall : " Beat the Protestants." By these words he meant that the students were to win the first prizes at the London University and take the lead over their non-Catholic competitors. My recollections from

personal observation are broken off here, to be resumed some 20 years later. Rumours of his untiring energy in every branch of charitable work, of his great success as a Preacher and Confessor, reached us at Stonyhurst. Cardinal Wiseman was then at Westminster, various distinguished ecclesiastics were found in the Archdiocese, FF. Faber, Dalgairns and Knox were at the Oratory, Canon MacMullen at St. Mary's (Cadogan Street, Chelsea), Canon Oakley at Islington, Dr. Manning at Bayswater, FF. Christie and William Eyre and Hathaway at Farm Street, and doubtless many others whom I am unable to quote, but on all hands it was admitted that Father Gallwey held a very conspicuous position among the devoted men working in the Vineyard. One heard of the converts he received, of the great influence his striking personality exercised in London, of the crowds his sermons drew. He founded the Sodality of Our Lady in Farm Street, which has done much among Catholic men and will do more, and he organized a large Bazaar on a colossal scale for some charitable purpose which was supported by all

the leading Catholics of those days.

These are the only two things achieved by him which I can recall now. The life of the busiest priest has its regular even round of work. He is known and seen in his own Church, in his Confessional and Pulpit, in the sick-room, in the parlour of the Presbytery, listening, instructing, consoling, cheering and doing God's work effectively, but secretly. Angels keep the records which men are not privileged to write. And so I must leave Father Gallwey to meet him again when he was Provincial.

All that came under my personal notice during his Provincialate was his special kindness and charity to the sick members of the Order, his extraordinary energy, and I may say, his ubiquity. He was everywhere. Distance never checked him ; long journeys never seemed to fatigue him ; he was interested in all the work of the Province, promoted competition between the various Schools of the Society through money prizes, and encouraged individual members to some special line of study suited to their taste, capacity, and character. Many may not have agreed in the wis-

dom of his regulations, but all readily admitted the zeal and boundless energy of the man in promoting God's work according to his lights.

CHAPTER II.

Twenty-four years at 114, Mount Street, W.

I.

I NOW proceed to give for the reader's instruction and edification, honestly and truthfully as they seem to me, some recollections of this remarkable man from the year 1882 until his death in 1906. I will mention his virtues and his shortcomings too, otherwise his character would not be truly painted. To chronicle a man's virtues without the shadows which may dull their brightness is to describe an unreal being, one who is not human. Father Gallwey is unworthy of such treatment.

And first let me dwell on his independence of character. One of the many charges brought against the Jesuits is that they destroy all individuality, and swamp instead of developing the natural character. This is traced in great measure to the

blind obedience (as the world says) inculcated by Ignatius of Loyola. That Saint Ignatius demanded much of his children in the matter of obedience is perfectly true. Of the Three Vows obedience unquestionably is the most difficult. The Saint wished obedience to be the characteristic of the Company of soldiers founded by him. Other religious Orders in the Church may practise greater austerity in fastings, and watchings, in food and diet. In true and perfect obedience, in the sacrifice of one's own will and judgment, the Saint wishes his children to be conspicuous. But this, whispers the world, is blind obedience, which destroys character and cramps initiative. Whatever else obedience may be in the Society, most certainly it is not blind. Blind obedience Saint Ignatius does not ask, and does not want. For blind obedience is a leap in the dark ; and this is precisely what a Jesuit's obedience ought not to be according to the mind of the Saint. Read the letter on the virtue of obedience and judge for yourself. The Saint asks for submission of intellect and will. But surely such submission is incompatible with blind-

ness, as the metaphor is usually understood. The superior, who holds the place of God, gives an order, or the rule prescribes a certain course of action. Saint Ignatius demands obedience in all things where there is plainly no sin. But he gives the subject the right of representation and consequently imposes on the Superior the obligation of weighing the reasons which support the representation. That done, the Saint asks the assent of the intellect, adding a saving clause so far as the well disposed will (*devota voluntas*) can bend the understanding. Besides, the subject always has the right of appeal to higher authority. Such is the ready, hearty obedience described by the Saint. Whatever such obedience is, most certainly it is not blind. It is not a leap in the dark. It seems difficult to see how a man can obey and loyally carry out the orders of a Superior except with submission of intellect and will. The orders of a commanding officer in a campaign cannot be effectively put in execution by a subordinate, if the latter thinks the directions of his chief rash and unwise.

Saint Ignatius, then, asks obedience of mind and judgment. Obedience as we have explained it does not destroy independence of character. The Saint never meant to destroy but to improve and perfect the character which God has given. The model of all obedience is Jesus Christ. Ignatius asks his men to knock under, to obey, and to toe the line. If the burthen is too great, why join the Society? The rules are explained in the two years' Noviceship, and the perpetual vows are taken with full knowledge of all they demand and impose.

This independence of character was visible all through Father Gallwey's long life, in word, and deed, and bearing, as subject and Superior. It was traced even in his spiritual direction in some ways peculiar, distinctive, outside the beaten track. He was so fashioned that others leant on him, while he stood alone, apart, a striking personality. To him old Homer's description might in many senses be applied, "conspicuous above the Argives by his head and broad shoulders."

II.

One of the striking qualities of Jesuits in Community life is their strongly maintained individuality. This was seen in a marked degree in Father Gallwey. He claimed all the liberty the Church gives in his judgments on men and things. He claimed that liberty without violation of any rule of domestic discipline. In this he followed the great writers and thinkers, theologians, philosophers and historians who, throughout the ages, loyally served the Church they adorned. A *magni nominis umbra*, the shadow of a great name never darkened Father Gallwey's opinion. Indeed he carried this so far that a brother Jesuit, with a deep reverence for him, said one day in my hearing that he never could tell in advance what view Father Gallwey would take on any subject. He always had his own view and his own opinion on books, devotions, practices, persons and events. And he never hesitated to express it, at the opportune moment, in language which was not always diplomatic. The sly and artful Jesuit formed no feature of his portrait.

Amongst ourselves, as with acquaintances and friends outside the Society, he was straight, open, blunt and fearless. He gave his opinion when asked, people might adopt it or reject it as they chose. This independence in word and action never interfered with his obedience as a Jesuit.

He was a thoroughly obedient man. Although he held the highest offices in our Order as Provincial, Novice Master, and Rector at two separate periods in Farm Street, for the last 26 years of his life he was a private in the ranks, as a private he died, and as a private this fine old soldier went to Heaven. Superiors amongst us, by our Founder's rule, are changed at stated periods with the single exception of the Father General, who holds office for life. Appointments, however exalted, once abandoned, confer no exemption in the slightest degree from the ordinary rule. An eminent ecclesiastic once said that Saint Ignatius was an aristocrat, and that he stamped his aristocratic spirit on the society that he founded. Perhaps a more correct estimate of the Saint is to describe him as partly an aristocrat, and partly a radical. He was

certainly a leveller, and he insisted that his subjects, when they ceased to be in authority, should knock under and toe the line like the rest. Thus their obedience is tested. In the ranks Father Gallwey was remarkable by his obedience. His readiness to ask leave for everything outside the rule was one of the characteristics of his life. He was perpetually in and out of the Superior's room asking permission for various things. To a man of his commanding character and strongly-marked personality, the constant submission to ordinary rules and common life even more than daily asking leave must have been extremely trying. For he was not like other men : he had a difficult character to overcome. He did not change it ; by prayer and grace he overcame it. A member of the Order, much respected among us, Father Gallwey's Superior, in later years, thus writes of him :

" My acquaintance with Father Gallwey was not quite so prolonged as you seem to imply. It was only during my stay in Farm Street that I lived in the same Community with him. My acquaintance with him at

Farm Street was long enough, however, to give me a great esteem for him, a great admiration for his really marvellous laboriousness, his complete detachment from everything that was not connected with his duties, his minute fidelity to the religious rule, the fidelity of a fervent novice, in spite of all the drawbacks of his advanced years and bodily infirmities. I think that the spirit of obedience is more fully and accurately tested and more rigorously proved by his uninterrupted regularity than by fidelity to less usual orders or instructions. I believe the minute and uninterrupted fidelity to rule and the observance of a religious house was wholly supernatural. He was naturally a man of strong character, and with very definite views and strong will. With such a character obedience is not easy ; not easy as it may be with pliant characters ; it involves a constant struggle and hard work, victory over self, a victory won by Faith. I incline to think that to him obedience was the most difficult of virtues.

"What brought his obedience most keenly to the test was an order or a suggestion to relax somewhat of his austerities to himself, to avail himself of those appliances or conveniences which his years and his infirmities made desirable or even necessary. He could not lend himself to such suggestions

without a severe struggle, but the struggle was made. Surely such obedience is far more meritorious than the easy yielding of more pliable characters."

The reader will not fail to note that this well-deserved tribute is given to one who maintained to the last his individuality and his strong will.

This perhaps is the most fitting place to append the testimony of two men, his Superiors in Farm Street. Each Rector gave his own testimony and impressions independently of the other.

"It would be insincere to speak of Father Gallwey in terms of indiscriminating eulogy. He had the defects of his qualities. But they were great qualities. And his defects were those of a great man.

"The yoke of obedience must have been galling at times to one so masterful by nature and so accustomed to command. But his obedience was that of a novice. He was most scrupulous in asking for necessary permissions, inconveniently so, as he would often visit a Superior's room for the purpose repeatedly in the course of the day.

"This punctiliousness in asking permissions arose also from his love of poverty,

which he practised strictly. Very large sums of money passed through his hands for charitable purposes, and people were the more ready to give what he asked because they knew he wanted nothing for himself.

" His charity to the poor was extraordinary and was exercised on a large scale. He begged unblushingly for causes he knew to be deserving, for poor communities of religious, for the education of church students, for reduced gentlefolk, for all, in fact, who appealed to him for aid.

" Almsgiving was his favourite topic in his sermons, and he was sometimes thought to ride his hobby too hard, but no one ever questioned his motives. He did not confine his begging to cases only in which he was personally and immediately interested, but he always had at heart the needs also of the church he served, and was unremitting in obtaining pecuniary help for its wants. In an emergency, a Superior could always turn to him for financial assistance and was seldom disappointed. It is probably true to say that the extent of his charities will never be known.

" Certainly he was not the man to reveal them. Except his Superior, whose permission he had to ask, and the recipients, no one else was allowed to know. With

him it was a case of the left hand not knowing what the right did. This dislike of publicity or of anything that had the appearance of self-advertisement was characteristic of him. His influence at one time was widespread among all sorts and conditions of Catholics. But it was exercised quietly and unobtrusively, as spiritual influence should be.

" His love of work was insatiable. One never found him unoccupied, he seemed to take his leisure in prayer. No one who knew him could fail to recognize him as a man of prayer. His devotion to our Lady was very tender. The beads were seldom out of his hands. He would speak of her in his sermons, in season and out of season. And those who have been present at his lectures on the Passion will remember how he would interrupt his subject to throw upon the screen some picture of our Lady, usually a copy of some old master, though it had no bearing upon the matter in hand.

" He was regular in all that concerned common life. He resented almost fiercely any exception made in his favour, as when for example, on one occasion, a specially convenient chair was provided for his use. The writer occupied the room adjoining his for four years and remembers how prompt he was in rising at the first sound of the

caller's voice. He attended all community duties to the very end, in spite of the infirmities of old age.

" He was naturally a man of strong likes and dislikes, and, though he would at times express strong disagreement with those from whom he differed, he was seldom betrayed into any expression that could be called uncharitable. He was by nature a man of quick temper, but though sometimes the old fire flamed out, in this respect also grace had brought nature well under control.

" He had the saving sense of humour. Those who knew him will not need to be told that. But nevertheless he suffered at times from considerable depression of spirits. The writer remembers how dejected he was for a long period when, after an operation on his eyes for cataract, his sight was slow in returning, and what a sudden revulsion from low to high spirits took place when one day he found himself able to read again.

" He prepared his sermons with the most conscientious care, never trusting to the spur of the moment nor to old sermons, but making fresh notes each time of what he intended to say. He told the writer more than once that his sermons cost him more labour to prepare as he grew older. He

thought out his subject beforehand, usually in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and hence his sermons were distinguished by freshness and originality of thought and treatment. But perhaps their chief characteristic was that indefinable unction which was due to his practising what he preached. They made no pretence of studied eloquence, though of natural eloquence there was often plenty, and they were frequently wanting in method and order, but they were always striking and impressive and full of deep feeling. His pathos was genuine. There he seldom struck a false note. He disdained the tricks of oratory, but he possessed the true orator's power of persuading and moving his hearers.

"He was an acknowledged master of the spiritual life and must have trained many souls to great holiness. But of this, little can be known except to those concerned. He was thought by some to be strict and exacting with those under his guidance. But those who knew him best knew the almost womanly tenderness of his big heart, especially to those in trouble, and the deep feeling which, in spite of his great powers of self-control, he was often unable to suppress.

"He was, of course, an adept in the Spiritual Exercises. He drew large numbers

yearly to his ladies' retreats, and this in spite of the fact that he was said in the latter part of his life to give the Exercises almost in the same words year by year. He had no liking for short retreats. He thought the Exercises required eight days at least to do them justice. And he insisted on four meditations a day for all exercitants. He required strict compliance with the regulations of the retreat and woe betide anybody discovered breaking the rule of silence ; such offenders were sometimes summarily dismissed. But he devoted himself unsparingly to all in retreat, and tried to see each of them individually at least for a few minutes every day. Those who have conducted ladies' retreats will realize what labour that must have involved."

Here is a second letter from his last Superior :

" As I was Father Gallwey's last Superior you ask me for my impressions. Father Gallwey it was who made me a Catholic at the early age of two ; he baptized me, to him I had made my first Confession, and it certainly was, or would have been under other conditions than those of the religious life, an anomaly, that in the end I should have been his religious Superior. Never, however, did he allow these earlier

relations to affect his treatment of me in this our last connection. I found him in all things most helpful. He was intensely interested and alive to all the work that went on at Farm Street, and singularly free from the proverbial conservatism of old age, being ready to fall in with the changes which I was fond of proposing. This struck me the more, for I naturally anticipated that he would love the old grooves, and be opposed, at his great age, to new ways; but again and again, I found him quite on the side of experiment, progress and change. There was nothing in him of the typical old man, he was young at eighty-six in his energy and desire for work, young in his simplicity and faith, and young in his confidence. He never could bring himself easily to submit to any of the special restrictions and precautions which the doctors prescribed, and which, indeed, ordinary prudence would suggest. I remember receiving an unsigned letter a year before Father Gallwey's death from an anxious friend of his. In it I was told that if I wanted to kill the Father, 'prussic acid or a bullet would prove a less cruel method than an accident in a hansom cab, for the reckless way in which you permit or encourage him to drive about can have no other result'! He was of an extraordinarily

active habit and anything like enforced rest oppressed him excessively. Another point, which is worth dwelling on, was his dislike for display, or advertisement. When he was Rector at Farm Street, the Sacred Heart or Clutton aisle was opened : it was done without any ceremony, at a quiet time of the day the hoardings were removed and the aisle was opened. When in my time some little display was made on the occasion of the completion of a new side altar, I discovered that he thought it very much out of place, and disliked such doings exceedingly. It was, to me, an indication of his habitual simplicity and horror of self-advertisement. His own religious and spiritual life were precisely on these hidden lines : his prayer and mortification were incessant, but it was only after being in the house with him a long time that one became aware of it. He would make his way quietly back to the Chapel, like a bird to its nest, after every call to the parlour or to the Church. There in a corner during the day and late into the night he would remain in the most absorbed prayer. His humour and funny stories, very old chestnuts, had always served as a cloak to his deep piety, and did so to the very end. Other virtues of his I might touch on, were his humility and poverty, for no one was

so regular and punctilious as he in asking for ' leaves,' even for the smallest things, and chiefly might I dwell on his charity. His was a charity which ' thinketh no evil,' for I fear he helped many a worthless vagabond. After his death I had all his long list of cases investigated by the Charity Organization Society, and I do not believe that one of them quite stood that vigilant body's impartial scrutiny. Father Gallwey's heart was very large, and where he saw there was suffering and want, that was enough for him. This is only a brief sketch of the good Father which I have written at your request. It can only convey a very inadequate notion of my feelings and recollections of him, for his was altogether a great personality and he never lost this note of greatness to the last."

And now to resume my own recollections.

The next point in which religious and laymen may copy him to some extent was his love of prayer. Far back in the early days of his priesthood, when Father Tracy Clarke was his Rector, while the noviceship was at Hodder, near Stonyhurst, Father Clarke said to a friend, " Value Father Gallwey, he is a man of prayer." The same

characteristic was most remarkable in the Community life in Mount Street. In the letter previously quoted from his Superior we find the following passage :

" It was impossible to live with Father Gallwey and not recognize that he was wholly a man of God ; a man whose single purpose and continued effort was to promote the service of God, one who was intensely interested in all that concerns the interests of God. It was equally easy to see that he was a man of prayer. As a small but definite indication of this spirit of prayer, he was most faithful to the morning visit to the Blessed Sacrament, as well as to the last visit before retiring at night, even in his last years, when the labour of mounting and descending stairs made it a matter of no little difficulty and pain.

" He left nothing incomplete in his prayer, nothing that could detract from the reverence and humility of the penitent. Even in extreme old age, he would remain throughout a Church Service on his knees."

The reverence of his prayers could hardly escape a casual observer, and still less those who lived in the same Community

with him for many years. Grace before and after meals is not an easy form of prayer. It is apt to be hurried. Neither the occasion nor the place is a help to that outward reverence which we always owe to God. And yet during grace Father Gallwey was remarkable for recollection and fervour. He never failed in the answers, and his "Amen" at the end was audible throughout the Refectory. Similarly, in saying the Divine Office, the posture, the expression of the man would strike and impress. In the preparatory prayer *Aperi Domine,* found in the Breviary, and recommended before the recitation of Office, we find the words, *digne attente ac devote,* whoever does his best may hope in God's mercy to pray worthily. The word *digne* can only be used analogically. No prayer of Saint or Angel is worthy of Him who dwells in the Highest, but at least He will accept and grant the petition, if it be for our welfare, even though dust and ashes commune with God. Father Gallwey had a claim to the attention and devotion which should be inseparable from our prayers. Office is proverbially exposed to distraction, and perhaps to this

cause was due the extra pains he seemed to bestow on its recitation. I have been asked for my own impressions of him. And I should point to recollection and fervour as easily seen by such as have watched Father Gallwey praying. Many years ago he was taking his dinner on his knees at a little table in the Refectory, a form of penance usual amongst us and in other Religious Orders, of any beholder his demeanour and expression would naturally have arrested attention. To what was the grave face due, the eyes modestly cast down, the whole bearing remembered now after many long years? He was making his annual eight days' Retreat.

His passionate devotion to Mass, the holy Mass as he used to call it, is well known to those who heard his sermons or meditations, and read his books and sought his Confessional for guidance. His was a most devout and recollected Mass without extravagance or singularity, for he hated all forms of eccentricity. By voice and look and bearing you were reminded that he was ministering in the greatest act of worship man can offer to God. He sang Mass too

with much feeling and most willingly late on in life, would bear the inconvenience of the fast by singing High Mass, to relieve some tired member of the Community.

Father Faber mentions: "Mass to St. Philip was never said merely as a holy habit or routine. To the Saint there was always a holy novelty in it." Perhaps Father Gallwey shared this privilege to some extent with the Saint. It was at least very noticeable how anxious he always was to learn the intention for which the Holy Sacrifice had to be offered. Some priests form their intention, as it is written for them on the Tabella or Mass board, or remember it as once promised. He seemed to make a rule each day to examine carefully the intention, to know the person, the object for which the Holy Sacrifice was offered. This was a point on which he was most keen. He had many claims on his Mass. Friends were so anxious to have it said by him rather than by others.

The thanksgiving after Mass was invariably made before the Altar of the Sacred Heart in Farm Street. It was well-known

that those precious moments were never to be disturbed by Confessions or other calls. The thanksgiving over, he was found in his Confessional, to begin the day's work for his Master. He was constantly on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament outside the time prescribed for prayer. His enormous correspondence, many visitors, converts, sick calls, duties of Community life, sermons, Retreats, never interfered with his visits to the Blessed Sacrament. How he found time was a marvel. Those who have worked long in London, prize a Sunday morning which happens to be free of a sermon or other duty. As visitors are few on a Sunday, the time is eagerly grasped for arrears of work ; to answer letters, or for some anxious pressing duty. Yet a Sunday morning was precisely the time when Father Gallwey was to be found in the Sodality Chapel on his knees before the Tabernacle. The Tabernacle, which he loved to call a tomb, had a marvellous attraction for him, late at night, and early in the morning, and many times during the day. He used constantly to rush up the stone stairs, forgetful of age and infirmity,

to say a little word to Jesus Christ before going forth to work for Him in the busy London streets.

Another characteristic of our venerable friend was his absolute disregard of creature comforts. As Superior he was generosity itself when the sick were concerned. Nothing was denied them in the shape of food, clothing, change of scene which his large heart could provide. As for himself he seemed to ignore such things. When compelled by the doctor's orders, because of his years and many infirmities, to take extras in the shape of wine or special diet, he never seemed to pay the slightest attention to the meal before him ; wine was taken as children take medicine, not always with the best of grace. His room was the picture of discomfort, the window open when it ought to have been closed, and nothing to indicate that he cared to look after himself.

Now I come to a striking point on which some stress deserves to be laid, gathered from personal observation. In the twenty-four years passed with him in the same house I never once entered his

room to find him, to use a familiar phrase, taking things easily. In sickness one saw him covered with a blanket, writing his letters in bed. Often he was in deep thought in a chair, or pacing the room, which always seemed too small; much more frequently he was to be seen at his table studying or writing. Never once did I see him resting as we understand the term, except in the last days, when the armour had been taken off and the old soldier lay down to die. Work had an absorbing attraction for him: he could not be idle.

These memories may well close with a mention of his sermons and his charity to the poor and the heavily-laden.

It belongs to a more skilful hand to speak of his published sermons. After all, a sermon is meant in the first place to be heard. It is not an essay. The polished sermon that reads well may easily be a failure in the pulpit, and *vice versa,* a sermon that produces a very great effect, when printed ceases to attract, and is dull and uninteresting. Though some of his published sermons rank high in thought and expression, Father Gallwey to be appreciated had

to be heard. For forty years he preached in Farm Street; during a long period he attracted a large and attentive audience, in the latter years the interest fell off, chiefly because he forgot the wise advice of St. Francis de Sales that it is always better for a sermon to be too short than to be too long.

The elements in the success of a sermon are the man, the matter and the delivery. In the pulpit Father Gallwey was an apostle, a messenger with tidings from on high, and those that knew him were certain, and strangers, total strangers, felt, he practised all he preached. There was no affectation, or straining after effect, all was natural, simple, straight. He gave his Master's message from his heart, and never minced words, or ran after sweet sounding phrases. Clearly, bluntly, forcibly he spoke. Often he offended like the Saints before him, for he told unpleasant truths and forced men to think. The divine Preacher mightily offended the world, and as His words could not be checked or gainsayed, the world adopted a serviceable method of closing His lips, it promptly put Him to death. But the world was too

clever in its own conceits. It never reckoned on the most famous day in history when the Man who had offended, crucified in shame, rose again in triumph to receive the homage of the world. The preacher who offends finds himself in good company. It is impossible to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct unto justice without offending. In hearing Father Gallwey the congregation realized that the preacher in the pulpit had really at heart the eternal salvation of his audience, that he sought not himself, but Jesus Christ and His will by placing before his hearers a high standard of action.

In the composition of his sermons he spared no labour or pains. A Catholic still living, with wide experience of Parliamentary life, stated in the writer's presence that the finest orator he ever heard, finer even than Gladstone, was de Ravignan. The secret of the latter's success was largely due to the labour bestowed on his sermons. "Idleness," said de Ravignan, in his instructions on sacred eloquence to the Jesuit students at Saint Acheuil, "is the bane of the pul-

pit." De Ravignan had all the natural advantages which help a public speaker; a striking presence, fine voice, and splendid delivery; and as an excellent preparation for the pulpit, he taught Theology in the early years of his priesthood. For ten years he wrote his sermons and learnt them by heart. After that long probation, which fitted him for his successful career at Notre Dame, he was content with carefully prepared notes, the skeleton of a sermon. Father Gallwey could not compete with de Ravignan—except in the martyrdom of laborious preparation. He wrote his sermons, even to the days when his eyesight failed. No pains or labour seemed too great in this Apostleship of preaching the word. Frequently what we call domestic exhortations, meant for the community alone, were read from the written manuscript. In speaking to his brethren he might have spared himself this labour, for words from him always commanded the attention due to his years, long experience, high standing and holiness. But he asked of others a high standard in labour and preparation, and he prac-

tised what he preached.

The sermons were eminently practical, and there was always a lesson to take away. His thoughts were fresh and striking: a listener would often think or say, "I never saw that truth in that way before." He impressed himself on his congregation. He used the same texts of scripture again and again, and though the interpretation may sometimes have been fanciful and strained, somehow it fitted in with the truth he was driving home, and the lesson stuck. Two men, after a sermon from him in Lent, were walking home from Farm Street; one opened the conversation, and the other answered, "After hearing a sermon like that, don't you think we had better walk home in silence." He was particularly effective in attacking scandals of the day. He never minced matters: the words were forcible and racy, the illustrations striking and sometimes amusing, the dash and courage of the attack reminded you of the land of his birth. And yet there was nothing unkind in his censures, even those who deserved them would admit that his intentions were always of the purest and his great

merits enabled him to speak with a freedom denied to others; people remembered it was Father Gallwey. The reader will not forget that these observations represent the impression made by the sermons as delivered.

He seemed to me more effective in his meditations than in his sermons. Want of unity and connection could be frequently observed in the latter, in the former they were not so much needed. The meditations were full of striking thoughts, thrown out anyhow, pearls without any setting, and on that account more telling. These striking thoughts were borrowed from his favourite author, the Crucifix. He studied that Divine book, and practised the lessons it teaches, and unfolded the secrets, which eternity will not exhaust. In the pulpit, convent, monastery and chapel, his voice clear and musical, often quivering and broken from deep feeling, the intense earnestness of the man, the language perfectly natural, revealing much, yet leaving you with the impression that there was more in the depths of his heart that could not be told, added immense weight to the solemn

truths he unfolded in his Master's name.

And now to pass to what seems a hopeless task, some records of his charities. The task is hopeless, for his correspondence is in great part lost, and he kept almost inviolably secret the record of his deeds. He rarely spoke of them except in the most casual way. Whatever his faults, self-advertisement was not one. " But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doest." St. Chrysostom's gloss on these famous words is, " If it were possible for yourself to be ignorant of it, that should be your aim : so that your very hands in motion to give alms should not know what you were doing." I think Father Gallwey fulfilled his Master's wish, and the Saint's commentary on the passage. He never ceased asking alms and was most successful in his appeals. He begged incessantly, but never for himself. Some may have resented his demands as excessive. Before we condemn him we must remember that he was positively in love (my vocabulary can afford no better word) with the poor and the sick, the weary and

heavily-laden. But you cannot check the intemperate energy of love, or bridle its words, or dictate its action. It has ways and means of its own ; love is unreasonable, and declines to be tied down by the hard and fast rules of logic. All forms of need had a claim on his large Irish heart. Many years ago the Rector of a well-known College said that Father Gallwey never sent a boy without asking for a reduction of pension. He had a fund to educate poor boys for the Church. Convents opened their doors at his request to girls whose parents had seen better days. He found places for servants, and pupils for tutors, and procured alms for all sorts and conditions of men, right on to the end of his life. He had two thoughts before his mind, the sufferings of the poor and the dangers of the rich, and with the bluntness of an Apostle, he warned the rich that almsgiving was for them the golden key that opened the Gates of Paradise. The luxury of the age he detested : lazy, idle, effeminate men, sumptuously-dressed women were told plain truths about the use and misuse of gold.

Not merely in procuring money for the

destitute was his charity displayed; his time, presence, words were ever at the service of the sick. We speak of the "rush" of the age; many are rushing away from God, but fortunes are not spent, nor is health impaired, by rushing after the things of Christ. It used to be said of Father Gallwey, and with much truth, that he was always in a hurry. Yes; but the hurry and the rush was in the service of the Lord, and often for the sick and the dying. Distance was no obstacle to his visits to the sick at any hour of the day or night, in all weathers and in all seasons. He loved the atmosphere of the sick-room: to him it was a tonic. He more than fulfilled all that is found in those instructive words of the Roman Ritual as approved for England, *De visitatione et cura infirmorum*. The Ritual tells the Parish Priest not to wait until he is summoned, but to go unasked, and he is advised to supply all the temporal and spiritual wants of the invalid. This injunction Father Gallwey fulfilled to the letter. The poor were supplied; those who alone asked spiritual assistance had at their command the coun-

sel, and vast experience, and holy thoughts of the venerable Priest. One of his characteristics was his constancy to his friends ; never was this more apparent than in sickness or sorrow.

He was a specialist for the death-bed. In his sermons and meditations the reference to death was frequent, but never out of season. The Crucifix and *Maria Desolata* inspired the lesson of Christian hope which cheats death of its terrors. He had quite an extraordinary faith in the virtue of Extreme Unction. He availed himself of the most generous views of Theologians, and gave it, with the permission of the Priest of the Mission, wherever there was probable danger of death. He had the firmest belief in its healing power for soul and body. He enabled the dying to overcome the tyranny of death with a courage that leant exclusively on the strength of the Crucified. No wonder he was sought after as a specialist to soften and to sweeten that punishment, which God, with all punishments at His command, has selected to prove His hatred of sin. When a soul that Father Gallwey had attended passed from

this world, he clamoured for the Holy Mass as he used to call it : he was importunate in his request for that acceptable sacrifice of the Altar, which above all other forms of prayer and penance, lessens the suffering of Purgatory. He fought with all his heart against that false form of Charity which places the soul in Heaven almost immediately it leaves the earth. It puzzles us to see on what grounds such a verdict is returned, since the Church, by solemn definition, has taught nothing of the duration of that punishment, of which the Saints and spiritually-minded speak with reverential fear.

CHAPTER III.

The Hospice for the Dying in Mare Street, Hackney.

LOVE for the poor and the dying is shown more by deeds than by words, and although Father Gallwey's acts of charity, because of his reserve, must remain in numberless cases unrecorded, there remains at least one splendid witness to his zeal and prayers in St. Joseph's Hospice for the Dying, Mare Street, Hackney. It is said that this Hospice was the reward of thirty years' prayer. From his early years in London in the 'sixties it had been his ambition to establish a home where the poor could die in peace with all the consolations of religion. The poor of his native land, often lonely and abandoned in a wilderness of busy men, claimed his special care. The following letters from members of the Irish Sisters of Charity, to whom the Hospice

was entrusted, describe the foundation of this wonderful work due to Father Gallwey and to two generous benefactors who supplied the money. We may add that the donor of £10,000 was personally unknown to him. He laid the case before her as a last resort after many years of prayer, and his petition met with a success he hardly dared to expect.

The following note from the Rev. Mother of the Irish Sisters of Charity, Gardiner Street, Dublin, tells its own tale :

" I first met Father Gallwey in Tramore in 1867 ; he had come over to see his sister, who was dying.

" He took a great interest in our Congregation, and was most desirous that we should open a House in England, and for this purpose he sent us many postulants. Our Blind Asylum, Merrion, elicited his genuine sympathy, and later on the Hospice for the Dying.

" Being a strong Irishman, he felt much for our poor country people, who in an alien land, and amid strange surroundings, soon fell away from the practice of their Religion, though in the old people their great gift of Faith remained intact, only waiting for an understanding hand to bring it into

action. He thought that a purely Irish Congregation of Nuns would best appeal to them, and influence them for good. He regretted greatly that our first English foundation in Preston had not been a success. He made several attempts to get us to London, but there were many difficulties in the way, first, want of subjects, our Home Mission requiring all our Sisters, then the difficulty of providing the ways and means. This latter difficulty was overcome in the year 1900 by the generosity of a young convert, a member of a rich London family; she offered to pay the rent of a House and the support of four Sisters, as also the Chaplain's salary. The good Father was triumphant, he obtained the sanction of Cardinal Vaughan, who expressed a desire that we should establish ourselves in Hackney, and include in our labours the district of Hoxton, where a great number of our people were congregated: they came over in the year of the famine, 1848, principally from Cork and Kerry; the old people preserved the faith, which in the second generation, from mixed marriages, &c., became considerably weakened, and was most frequently lost in the third generation. He then applied again to our Mother General, M.M. Scholastica Margison, who could no longer refuse. The following

February, M.M. Lucy and myself were sent over to London to see how matters stood, and we were indebted to the hospitality of Lady Catharine Wheble, who entertained us for the necessary time. Father Gallwey had seen about a house for us in King Edward's Road, Hackney, and only wanted our approval to take it for us : we met him at Farm Street the day after our arrival, and proceeded to Hackney. With us he went over the house, seeing what repairs and improvements would be necessary to make it suitable, went with us to a furnishing shop to order all requisites ; all this to be done at the expense of our kind benefactress. He proved himself a real Father, introduced us to anyone likely to help us, and procured for us an interview with the Cardinal, who was most gracious, and said, ' Remember, Sisters, I invited you over a couple of times.' Father Gallwey promising to look after everything for us, we took our way home.

" On the 2nd of July the same year, 1900, the Foundation was made, Mass was celebrated for the first time in the little chapel. Father Gallwey arrived in the afternoon with a few friends, gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and said a few appropriate words, and from his heart gave us all his blessing. He never ceased

to prove himself the Father and friend of the little Community, coming up in the Ember weeks to hear our confessions and to give the customary exercises twice a year of our *Triduum*, even in extreme old age.

"Another great proof of his goodness and the power of his prayer and union with God, lay in obtaining the necessary means of purchasing the freehold property on which we are now well established, a matter of £9,000 or £10,000. The Superior tried every means of obtaining the money, even going so far as offering to borrow it (we had then only one small house on the same property). This, of course, could not be allowed by our Mother General. When everything looked hopeless, and the Superior had made her offering, a letter arrived from our good Father, saying that just as he too had given up hope, he received that morning a letter from a lady to whom he had written as a last resource, saying that she was willing to pay the required sum, which she most generously did to the great delight and gratitude of all concerned, doubtless to the joy of the good Father himself."

A second letter from the Rev. Mother of the Hospice for the Dying, Mare Street, Hackney, gives full details of the founda-

tion and opening of the Hospital :

" When first I met Father Gallwey it was on the Feast of the Visitation, July 2, 1900. The Father had come down with the foundress and several friends for the opening of our Convent at 4, King Edward's Road, Hackney. It had long been his desire that a community of the Irish Sisters of Charity should be established in London, to visit and instruct the poor Catholics, many of whom were Irish. Benediction was given in our little chapel, and Father Gallwey spoke to the Sisters.

" He quoted his favourite Psalm :

" ' Lift up thine eyes to the mountains from whence help will come to thee.'

" He reminded the Sisters of the vast field of work that lay before them and warned them not to put their trust in the great ones of this world, but that their help was from the Lord who hath made Heaven and Earth ; he prayed that the Lord would bless their coming in and going out amongst the poor and afflicted.

" He then went through the house and saw everything, and left the community greatly strengthened by his words. During our three years in King Edward's Road, he came regularly four times a year and also gave *Triduums* twice a year, and was always a father and a friend. On one

occasion he was staying in a house near at hand; he asked Mother Rectress to lend him the alarum clock as he was to say Mass at 7.30. Next morning the Sisters saw the old Father stepping out of a cab at 6.30 with the alarum clock grasped in his hand; he spent the hour before Mass in prayer. Father Gallwey had no trace of human respect, his wonderful simplicity and earnestness about all things was a striking feature; as a rule he did not waste words, but was very kind-hearted to everyone, and old as he was, never gave himself any comfort or allowed others to give him any. When asked if he wanted anything, he used to say: "Get me more of the grace of God, I want plenty of that!' He suffered very much from rheumatism, and told us one day that it 'was only since the nuns came from Ireland that he had felt it so severely!' I am sure he offered up many a sharp twinge for our works and our souls.

"He loved to hear all about the poor, and the places we visited in Hackney and Hoxton, and got us help for them at a Sale of Work held in St. George's Hall, Mount Street, 1902. Father Gallwey took great trouble to make it a success, and spent three hours in a hot, crowded room, working for the cause!

"In 1903 our lease was up in King Ed-

ward's Road, and though much work was being done in Hackney and Hoxton, Father Gallwey was anxious that we should open an Institution in London. In years past many had wished and prayed that some day we might have a Hospice for the Dying in London, similar to the one under our care in Dublin. So the Community in Hackney began to pray in particular to the Holy Child Jesus for this intention ; a very small house in Cambridge Lodge Villas was to let ; trusting for help from on high it was taken for seven years. It stood in a terrace of six houses and next to a detached house with garden. Once in the small house prayers were renewed and a statue of the Child Jesus was placed in the tiny chapel. A lamp was burning before it night and day. After nine months' waiting the news came that the whole freehold property was up for sale, prayers were renewed, and Father Gallwey was deeply interested in the result. As the time drew near when the Rectress was visiting him, he said : ' Go home, and tell the nuns to pray harder than ever !' When hope was nearly dying out, on November 30, 1903, a letter came from Father Gallwey, saying that a lady had offered to purchase the freehold for a Hospice for the Dying !

" On December 4, 1903, feast of St.

Barbara, the place was handed over to the congregation for £10,000.

"A year and one month elapsed before our hopes were realized, as the detached house was still retained by the lady until July, 1904, when she left. Many repairs and alterations were required to make the house suitable, and on January 15, 1905, the feast of the Holy Name, Mass was celebrated in one of the rooms, and a poor man and a poor woman were admitted. These proved the forerunners of many poor souls, who finding shelter in St. Joseph's Hospice, have passed happily to their reward.

"Father Gallwey had a particular devotion to those who have seen better days, and the Hospice has fulfilled his desires in this, as many a poor wreck has drifted there, whose birth and education would have rendered the workhouse-infirmary well-nigh intolerable.

"In March, 1906, Father Gallwey organized a sale at the Portman Rooms, and though obliged to go to Bournemouth for his health, he insisted on coming to London to be present at the sale, and after the usual opening with one 'Hail Mary,' the wonderful old Father remained for hours at a table working away for the dying poor.

"After that he came in June to give us the *Triduum;* he was very feeble and suf-

fering much, but in spite of all, his iron will and great love for souls urged him on ; he spoke of his favourite theme, the Passion of Christ and the love of God and the poor. Anyone hearing him could not fail to think that he lived as a ' Stranger and Pilgrim ' in this world, and that he travelled in spirit with our Lady and St. Joseph to Bethlehem and Nazareth. Calvary was his favourite resting-place ; as he expressed it : ' I will often go in spirit to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense. If I forget thee, O Calvary, let my right hand be forgotten.'

" The day we came out of *Triduum* we saw the old Father for the last time. He asked to see the Sisters, and when Mother Rectress came, she found him trying to put on his shoes. Seeing what an effort it seemed to be, she offered to help him. With his usual dry humour he said : ' I am not such a fool as I look,' and insisted on drawing on the shoe with great difficulty. He was very kind to us all, and walked over to the Hospice, some of the poor patients came to him, and one woman knelt down and kissed the hem of his cassock ! The last we saw of him was walking feebly with his stout stick to help him, a bag slung over his shoulder, and his venerable head stooped with age. He was helped into the tram

which passes our door, having firmly refused to allow us to get him a cab. We never saw him again until we went to see him resting after his well-fought battle with the spirit of the world. We were greatly honoured by being presented with his pilgrim's stick, and it is kept as a treasure in one of the Hospice wards. We still feel that he is helping on the work he loved so well, and hope that it may enlarge and bring more souls to add to his glory in Heaven."

Thus ends the letter.

Let no one suppose that the object of these few memories of the venerable man, now enjoying his reward through God's exceeding mercy, is to indulge in unmixed panegyric; mere praise is almost contemptible after his weary day. He had his faults like the rest of us, and no one would have more willingly acknowledged his own shortcomings and resented an unreal portrait. It is almost refreshing to remember that we are all encompassed with infirmity. Our Lord's chosen disciples were confirmed in grace at Pentecost. This privilege secured for them immunity from grave fault, while it left the

liberty of will intact. We shall not lose the benefit of their intercession by the admission that they may have committed venial sins, semi-deliberate and deliberate, through human weakness. It is absolutely certain, and some theologians hold as of faith (*de fide*), that the perfect cannot in a lifetime avoid all venial sins without the special privilege of grace. Approved authors have thought that this grace was granted to St. Joseph, at least, after his marriage with our Lady, to St. John the Baptist and to the Apostles after Pentecost. This is a tenable opinion as regards venial sins fully deliberate, but very uncertain in the matter of semi-deliberate faults (see Noldin, vol. II. p. 58).

Catholics are bound to believe as an article of faith that the Blessed Queen of Heaven, " by the special privilege of God," was preserved all through life from every venial transgression. In the noblest prayer that ever was composed the Divine Master bids not merely the sinner but the Saint to repeat : " Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." All that Suarez, one of the Church's greatest

writers, will allow is that the just man, by good deeds and frequent prayers, can with less difficulty for one whole day (*per diem integrum*) avoid every fault (see *Tepe de Gratia*, vol. III. p. 45).

After this brief digression, which shows the impossibility of escaping small sins, even in the case of those far advanced in the service of God, we have less difficulty in understanding how great gifts and glorious deeds are found side by side with blemish and infirmity. Father Gallwey had a difficult character to deal with. He was a man of strong views, and most tenacious will. Human nature was strong in him, and fine soldier that he was he set himself to a lifelong struggle with the foe.

A commentator on the Exercises of Saint Ignatius, speaking of the Second Week, devoted to the imitation of Jesus Christ, lays down the principle that the more a man overcomes himself the greater is his knowledge of Jesus Christ. Our venerable friend led a mortified life, and *vince te ipsum* was his motto. Placed in very high and responsible positions, fully convinced of the rectitude of his own views, he some-

times failed to see that others, inside and outside the Society, were as anxious as he to advance the glory of God. A character such as his does not pull easily in harness with other men ; it is apt to be over-exacting in authority, and restless under opposition. He sometimes forgot in his zeal that those around were not called upon to think and act alike with him, and that liberty of thought and action belonged also to others not so highly gifted. Men who keenly resent roughness and harshness of manner bow before gentle persuasion. To conceal these small infirmities would be unkind to him and unjust to others. All who knew him admit that he rendered conspicuous service to the Catholic cause in England by his labours and writings, and was universally respected by his Brethren during the seventy years he spent in religion. Ordinary folk loved him more with his faults than without them. His standard was high, and his example noble in every department of a priest's life, in the pulpit, in the confessional, in the chamber of sickness and death. He was ready to recognize to the full the services of others, and reserved be-

yond belief in reference to his work on the Master's behalf. Clad in infirmity from head to foot, he readily admitted his faults, and frankly confessed that he had very strong passions to overcome.

CHAPTER IV.

Instructing Converts.

No account of Father Gallwey, however meagre, would be at all complete without some reference to the converts whom he received into the Church. Unfortunately no accurate list has been preserved of those who owed to him the gift of faith. He was very keen in the blessed work of leading souls to the knowledge of divine truth. But he is especially worthy of admiration and imitation in the careful instructions bestowed on converts before reception. He instructed his converts with extraordinary care, and drilled them in the Catechism. His usual method was to teach the Catechism, and next to explain the Creed of Pope Pius IV. which converts recite on their entry into the Church. Among the questions wisely put in the *Instructio* for the reception of a Catechumen is this:

"Who will watch over and assist the convert, as far as may be needed, after his reception into the Church." He watched his converts carefully after reception. If with all the strength of his commanding character he taught them that they entered the Church not to teach and command, but to learn and to obey, he made that obedience easy by showing them how to pray and to meditate, and by urging upon them frequent reception of the Sacraments and attendance at Holy Mass. The reasonable homage of faith is the effect of grace, and if converts are to be worthy of their vocation and to guard against the danger of relapse they need the help of Heaven. It is deeply to be regretted that hardly any personal record of conversion is available for publication. Fortunately I am able to offer the following letter from one of the most distinguished of his converts, who knew him intimately and attended his Retreats. The reader will be interested to see that Father Gallwey was instrumental in a conversion which no less a man than Mr. Gladstone was anxious to prevent.

" Father Gallwey was a renowned fisherman of souls, and one example of his method may not be without interest. If a number of other stories of conversion were collected together we should have a spiritual *Compleat Angler*, for he made studies in his art and was a real Izaak Walton in patience and adaptability, handling even his bait ' tenderly as if he loved it.' I had been coming along quietly for some years by reading and inquiry, with a real desire for truth, but a considerable reluctance to put my neck under the yoke, when one day someone said to me, ' Would you like to see a Jesuit priest? I could arrange it.' I jumped at the idea, the name of ' Jesuit ' made one tingle with interest and expectation. I thought all Catholic priests were oracles of wisdom, but that through contempt for my youth and ignorance, they would not speak of what they knew. But a Jesuit would surely explain things if there were an appointment made on purpose, and he would know all that could be known about everything. So one January afternoon in 1879, Father Gallwey kindly stayed at home at Mount Street ' to be sent for.' When he arrived it was not the Jesuit of fiction who walked in, but simply—Father Gallwey, with his great expanse of head, and the visions in his eyes, and his

kind smile and his quick shuffle, and his reassuring abruptness of speech. His coat collar was turned up, and his gown—'his fisherman's coat'—girt up underneath it, as it was his custom to wear it when he came out in a hurry. There was nothing alarming or mysterious about him. He held my hand a moment and looked me very straight in the eyes. 'Well, Miss ——, I've often heard of you,' he said, and I was too ready for anything even to know that I was surprised. Father Gallwey made everything seem natural and inevitable, and it was a great blessing to be able to skip the preface of the interview; there was no question of 'How to begin.' 'Shall I leave you alone?' said my hostess, fresh from the terrors of a lady who was afraid to face a Jesuit 'by herself.' I gratefully accepted, and saw with still greater gratitude that Father Gallwey would conduct the interview. This was a novelty, and most helpful, for I was mortally shy. Father Gallwey put me in an arm-chair and sat down beside me. He began to ask preliminary questions and I to answer them, feeling that it was the most natural and the most unnatural thing that had ever happened. I felt like Alice in Wonderland, and as if I had never been so young in my life. How old was I?—Father Gallwey wanted to

know—just twenty-one ; '*that's* all right,' said Father Gallwey, rubbing his hands. I wondered why, but it seemed to give him satisfaction. Had I father and mother living? Only my father ; my mother had died before I could remember. 'Poor child!' said Father Gallwey, parenthetically, and I noticed then what a non-Catholic writer calls the blending of impersonality with tenderness in the tone, which belongs to the Catholic priesthood. He asked a few more questions, and it touched and astonished me greatly that he seemed to care about things in a way that made 'Father' quite a natural title in speaking to him. Then he came to the point. Where was I as to religious beliefs? and I explained that I was just at the cross-roads, having understood that there were only two alternatives, submission to the Catholic Church or no fixed beliefs at all. What had I read? I had read the Bible and Hooker, and mostly, of late, German authors, in whose obscurities, far beyond my understanding, I had hoped to come upon the truth. 'All that is very good,' said Father Gallwey. 'And then I had read Archbishop Ullathorne, and the Catholic Church had started up before my mind as a possible solution of my difficulties, but,' &c. Then Father Gallwey began—from the cross-roads where I was, and

taking his stand on the existence of God, worked on to show the Church as the Divine Teacher, and the only authentic witness of the Truth. I could not help seeing it, and recognizing the voice ' which spoke with authority, and not as the Scribes and Pharisees.' He stayed an hour and went away with ' God bless you, it would be a million of pities if you should be lost.' I did not understand what it meant ' to be lost,' but felt grateful that he hoped it would not happen to me. My hostess escorted Father Gallwey downstairs, and came back beaming. ' He says you are sure to come right,' she said, ingenuously, ' because you don't come back to the same point once it has been answered.' This was anything but joyful news to me, for ' come right ' had not quite the same meaning in my mind as in hers. I told my father of the interview, with the natural result that he begged me to promise not to see Father Gallwey again for the present. I promised, but reserved my liberty to write, and the kind and patient Father, protesting a little against my father's decision but very moderately, wrote constantly for the next few weeks. I was sent down to the country to undergo a cure of controversial reading and discussion, but Protestantism as a religion had been already dead some years for me, and

it was only a labour and a weariness ; the new light was quite steady. After a fortnight I wrote that I had had enough, and that my mind was made up. I meant to be a Catholic. After an interchange of telegrams I was taken up to London, and there was a consultation of divines as to what to do with me. At six a.m. the following morning I was informed that Cromer had been chosen for solitude and reflection. Cromer was full of Quakers, a serene and quiet atmosphere, and in those days there was no priest nearer than Norwich. We were to go at ten a.m. ' Then,' I said, ' I will go and get Father Gallwey to receive me into the Church first.' Father Gallwey was in his Confessional, my first introduction to ' the box.' He looked quite natural through the perforated zinc and considered the situation. ' No,' he said, ' I am not afraid for you. Go to Cromer and let your father have every chance.' It was a great astonishment to the relations when I came back saying that Father Gallwey had refused my request ; the Jesuit reputation of ' going round about the sea and land to make one proselyte ' (and the end of the text is not spared to the ' proselyte ') seemed in contradiction with his action. We went down to Cromer for ten days. Then we returned to London, and as a

happy thought, Mr. Gladstone was called in. He had saved so many, it was said, from ' going to Rome,' and I had the deepest admiration for him. Canon Liddon was also suggested, but it was decided that a layman would have more influence over my mind. Mr. Gladstone patiently and kindly gave his time and his eloquence for three quarters of an hour, and wrote the same evening to say that he had done scant justice to his subject, and hoped that something might still save me from the grave crime of moral suicide. He pointed out the deterioration in mind and character which he had noticed in his friends who had been received into the Roman Church, and expressed every kind wish that I might not prove another example of it. His argument had been based on loyalty to the Anglican Church, ' the Church of your baptism.' I was naturally unable to meet his arguments. He said pathetically that ' he had so often been dragged over the harrows of the Roman Controversy,' but his words did not answer the questions in my mind, and I went back to Father Gallwey. The idea of ' mental and moral deterioration ' had rankled, and it vexed my soul. I had said to him : ' Supposing I don't find my mind satisfied, once I have been received into the Church, I shall have put my neck in a noose

quite unnecessarily.' Father Gallwey was sympathetic, and entertained the idea seriously. After a minute he said thoughtfully, ' I really don't see that you will be so much worse off than you are now, you will only have to go a stage further on, and seek the truth elsewhere.' This was far more reassuring than any discourse of the blessedness of the faith and the impossibility of being dissatisfied when one was once in possession of the truth. A few days afterwards he received me into the Church, and in congratulating me, gave his usual exhortation about the fox and the fable, recommending me to get ' the other foxes ' to cut off their ' tails ' likewise. Alas, my ' other foxes ' could not see the idea and carried their brushes gaily to the end of the run.

" But Father Gallwey did not leave his neophytes after baptism ; he devoted himself to keep in touch by writing or talking, to open out new points of view, to warn before bad turnings in the road, and to answer all possible and impossible questions. Once I brought him one of those tangled problems with which erudite Anglicans love to ' pose ' those who are young in the faith. ' What shall I say ? ' I asked. ' I would say, " upon my soul I don't know ! " ' said Father Gallwey, and this satisfied me better

than a treatise on the obscure point. After all, why *should* one know these things which were useful neither to God nor Cæsar, and only ornamental to learned Anglican divines. Father Gallwey had the reputation of being dictatorial and autocratic with his converts, but I never came across that side of his character. He was extraordinarily gentle in his suggestions and remonstrances, he ' begged as a personal favour ' that one would do this or that, and made it seem as if it put him under an obligation if one followed his advice. He told me himself long afterwards, ' I always went as far as I possibly could with you along your own road before I asked you to turn.' And this was true. He waited three years patiently before he brought me to the point of making a Retreat, proposing it every year, but never insisting, and expressing himself as ' so grateful,' when at length the invitation was accepted. When the Retreat developed the fruit he had been waiting for, a call to religious life, and the time came to take leave of him, he stretched out both hands—' with *both* my hands I bless you for it,' he said, and opening the book of Esther, he read me the touching passages in which Mardochai speaks of himself as watching Esther from the time that she went in and out as ' a little one.'

' And he walked every day before the court of the house in which the chosen virgins were kept, having a care for Esther's welfare, and desiring to know what would befall her ' (Esther, Ch. 2, v. 11). He said, 'that is what I have always felt for you from the beginning and what I have done in your regard.' It was perfectly true, and no other words than those of Holy Scripture in his mouth could so well have explained it. There came clouds afterwards between him and us for a time, and no one quite knew why : God allowed it so, and those who knew Father Gallwey well said that it was not rare in the course of his long friendships. But all came right in his last years as inexplicably as it had gone wrong, and in his Retreats he was his old and most dear self. The last Retreat in the year of his death was a great struggle, a swan's song ; he was already half away from this earth. He made a greater effort still to come down for our distribution of prizes, ' by command,' as he said. The last look I had at him was as he leaned forward in his chair, looking up and smiling, to kiss the Bishop's hand as he passed out, and I regard it as a great privilege that the last few lines he wrote, perhaps on the day before his death, were for me."

We are allowed to offer a second letter,

which describes the care Father Gallwey bestowed, as already noticed, on his converts, while incidentally it also refers to the close attention and tender solicitude which characterized him as director of Retreats :

" One of Father Gallwey's great characteristics was his thoroughness. Having once taken charge of what he describes as ' a job,' he would go through with it to the end. Having, for instance, got hold of a convert, the Father settled down to work, and right through the Creed of Pope Pius IV. did he take them, his big Bible in front of him and his kindly face beaming with joy at having a soul to lead into the fold. And when his wonderful teaching had made it all clear, and the end was approaching, there would come the question : ' Now then ! we have been through a great many things together, but suppose after you are received, you come on something the Church teaches which I've forgotten to explain to you ; what about that, eh ? ' And there was a little anxiety on his face till out came the answer, slowly perhaps and haltingly, as from lips not used to such acts of faith : ' Well, Father, if the Church teaches it, that will be enough for me, for I know now that what she teaches is truth.' ' *That's* all right, that's all right, my dear

child, and God bless you ! ' And when his converts were safe in the fold, they were not left to themselves, the foundations of the interior life were well laid and built upon. One of Father Gallwey's first cares after they were launched was to initiate them into the practice of mental prayer, and here simplicity was as ever the note of his teaching. ' Do you know you are making meditations all day long? ' he would say, and explained to his surprised hearers that instead of being such a difficult flight to meditate, it was (according to him) the easiest thing in the world ; your memory, understanding and will were constantly at work, noticing people and things, reflecting on them and coming to a decision about them. One of his favourite illustrations was of the telegram you were supposed to receive. You opened it and read : ' Aunt Maria seriously ill.' You began using your memory, and recalled how you had heard of her having been obliged to leave home on account of ill-health. Then your understanding set to work to think out why they had sent you a wire and not merely a letter : was her state very critical? Ah ! you have it ; they want you to go and help to nurse her, and at once. Now your will comes in to decide whether or not you will go. You decide to go ; then comes the writing

of the reply telegram, and the searching out of ways and means of getting to your destination, and the carrying of them out. And from this the Father would explain it was but a short step to learn how to meditate, how to think about pious subjects. 'And isn't it easy after all, eh?' And so he would follow up his converts, and, if one may say so, it was a joy to the Father to see them 'safe off' out of this world, watching over them to the last. 'I believe he would like to see us all off before he goes himself,' one of them remarked. The smallest things were not too small for him. 'My dear child,' he said one day to one of his converts, 'on which knee do you genuflect?' 'The right knee, Father,' with some perplexity as to what could be coming. 'Ah! that's all right, that's all right; but I could not remember ever having told you, and so many converts make a mistake and genuflect on the left knee.'

"In his direction Father Gallwey was both father and mother to his spiritual children. His warm sympathy and wonderful way of entering, not only into difficulties, but into the details of difficulties, had all the delicacy of a woman, but underneath was a very virile determination that his people should do God's will and God's will only, however much human nature might

shrink. He had a very rooted objection to shirkers; never mind how often you failed, he was always ready to put you on your feet again and send you off afresh, but you had to be ready to be put on your feet again and very resolved to try and keep on them; if not, woe betide you.

"To see Father Gallwey giving a Retreat, or rather, conducting the Exercises, was to see him at his best. The keynote was work, a week with our Lord, a week's visit to Him, but no time for idling. No! a week of good hard work, plenty of exercise for memory, understanding and will. It was so essentially *The Exercises* as given by Father Gallwey. You might fancy yourself back in the days of St. Ignatius, so closely did he follow his spirit, and so military was the precision with which your day was mapped out. The hour for rising well-fixed, and kept; the points for meditation thought over before sleep, the mind, on awakening, turned from all other thoughts and fixed on the business of the day. The hour for meditation come, an attitude of humility and reverence assumed, careful examination at the end of the Exercise to see how it had succeeded or how failed. 'Take up your work and go over the stitches carefully,' as the Father used to say. During the first part of the Retreat all

joyful thoughts put aside, there was even a recommendation to do the thing thoroughly by excluding the light of day from your room. Silence, real silence, not the half-silence so often kept in Retreats nowadays. Penance was not slurred over, though the Father was very wise, and even tender with his children. When he came to the Meditation on the Passion he made it all live. You felt the sadness of Gethsemane creeping over you, you saw the face of our Lord grow sorrowful and sad. You realized, almost as if you had been there, His love and agony of longing for the salvation of the world; you saw Him left alone in His grief, and with shame and sorrow you could but repent of your softness and lack of love for Him who bore so much for you. When the time came for the choice of a state of life, or for the reformation of a state already decided on, Father Gallwey redoubled his zeal for his exercitants, inspiring, guiding, strengthening. 'I want you,' he said to one of them, 'to go on knowing and doing God's will more and more every day of your life. May God bless you and guide you until you are safe in Heaven. After that you may do as you like.' He was always intent on getting the best out of his children, to get them to do something great for God. In the last

letter he wrote to one of them, not long before his death, he said: "It is a great comfort to me to notice how our Lord is strengthening and guiding you. In the Book of the Maccabees you will see the Mother of the Seven Martyrs described as an admirable woman, who united a *man's heart* (courage) with a *woman's thought*. May our Blessed Lord give you a man's courageous heart and a woman's very useful tenderness that you may do something *large* for our Lord!"

We are privileged to give yet another account of Father Gallwey from the pen of one who met him after her conversion, and is now a Religious of the Sacred Heart. Besides characteristic anecdotes of Father Gallwey, we have additional proof of his extraordinary care of converts, his love of souls, and his joy in guiding Religious to the perfection of their state.

"It was in 1866, just after having been received into the Church in the country that, by the advice of Cardinal Newman, I went to Father Gallwey. It was on the eve of All Saints, and I still remember the rows of benches filled with penitents at his confessional door in Farm Street. After

waiting two hours I had to come away, but returned early next morning and saw him, and from that day until his death, a period of over forty years, he was for me always the kindest of fathers, the most faithful of friends, and the most devoted of Directors. I can never forget the pains he took to make sure that I was fully instructed, both dogmatically and morally, in the Catholic faith, and after that to teach me the science of the spiritual life. In the midst of all his work in the London season he found time to give me a course of instruction on the methods of meditation of St. Ignatius, as was his wont with all those who put themselves under his direction. There was no standing still with him in the spiritual life, and he considered no pains were too great to lead a soul to a knowledge and love of our Blessed Lord.

"His spiritual direction was based on Holy Scripture and the Exercises of St. Ignatius, of which he was a master. He insisted that those under his direction should learn by heart the rules of the discernment of spirits given by St. Ignatius, which he never ceased commenting on, convinced that a true knowledge of them was the best safeguard against temptations and delusions in the spiritual life. His reverent love for Holy Scripture was certainly

one of his marked characteristics. He always had a text at hand wherewith to answer any query or difficulty, and his Bible was his constant companion wherever he went. A convert of his once related to me that after visiting a Catholic Church when a Wesleyan, she became desirous of knowing something about the Catholic faith. Accordingly she went to 114, Mount Street and asked to see a Father, having made up her mind that should the priest who came to her be able to base his arguments on the Scriptures, which she had been led to believe were a dead letter to Catholics, she would pursue her inquiries. What was not her surprise when she found that Father Gallwey, who came to her, had a well-worn Bible under his arm, and that for every question she proposed, a text ready wherewith to answer it! Needless to say, she was soon under instruction, and was received into the Church. I remember his telling me that he never went to bed at night, however late the hour, without reading a chapter of Holy Scripture on his knees.

"His love of souls was that of a saint. One day he said to me: 'I am the happiest man in the world for I have but one passion —souls; and I can always satisfy that.' Thus it was he not only thirsted after their

salvation, but likewise after their perfection. When he saw the germ of a religious vocation he watched over it and nurtured it tenderly ; he could bear no trifling with this grace, which he considered a priceless one. He waxed wroth when parents offered opposition to their children entering religion, and in one instance I remember when a father, who was under instruction to become a Catholic, told him that he could not enter the Church if his daughter became a nun, he replied : ' Sir, you can then prepare her grave clothes, for if you will not give her to God in religion, He will take her to Himself by death.' The gentleman yielded, but it was not till many years after that he was received into the Church on his death-bed, saying he owed his salvation to his child in religion. Father Gallwey had predicted to the daughter that it would be so were she faithful to her vocation.[1]

" Father Gallwey had an iron will and could stand no shirking where there was a question of doing something for God at

[1] To discover the fruits of grace in the souls of those he directed was a source of real joy to him. One day, after having paid a visit to the Convent of the Poor Clares at Notting Hill, he was heard to say, with a face beaming with joy, " I had a bit of real consolation to-day. When I asked Sister Teresa [a penitent of his who had lately entered], what she found *hardest* in the life, she answered me, ' That is difficult to say, for what is hardest is the sweetest, ' "

the cost of some little humiliation. To a penitent who told him he was asking of her what she could not do, he desired her to leave the confessional and to remain on her knees before the Blessed Sacrament, praying for grace until she felt she could do it, and that he would not see her again until then.

"If he was at times severe he was equally tender on other occasions; thus, to those who had erred and gone astray through human frailty, he was truly the 'Good Shepherd.' A young convert in whom he was much interested, got into a dangerous position whilst he was away from London as Master of Novices at Manresa. When he returned and found out what happened, he moved heaven and earth to win her back, and when the prodigal did at last return, his joy was quite touching. Not a word of reproach, but demonstrative affection. It was a case of 'rejoice with me for my child that was lost is found . . .' His prayers and goodness were the salvation of that soul."

CHAPTER V.

A Few Favourite Scripture Texts.

FATHER Gallwey loved his Bible. He quoted it largely in his sermons and meditations, and though his interpretation of a text was sometimes fanciful, Scripture added great weight to his words and beauty to his discourses. He used often to say that we ought to chew the words of the inspired narrative and squeeze some juice suitable to our character and needs.

The texts quoted were often heard from the pulpit; they will not on that account be the less welcome, at least to his friends. They will be helpful in meditation, and especially in that easier form of meditation described by St. Ignatius in the Exercises as the second method of prayer.

Texts of Scripture as prayer and to keep in mind.

"I know that Thou art a gracious and

merciful God, patient and of much compassion and easy to forgive evil." (*Jonas iv. 2.*)

" Is this the return thou makest to the Lord, O foolish and senseless people? Is not He thy Father, that hath possessed thee and made thee and created thee? " (*Deut. xxxii. 6.*)

" Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and ye gates thereof, be very desolate, saith the Lord, for My people have done two evils. They have forsaken Me the fountain of living water and have digged to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water." (*Jeremias ii. 12—13.*)

" There is no beauty in Him, nor comeliness ; and we have seen Him, and there was no sightliness, that we should be desirous of Him ; despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity, and His look was, as it were hidden and despised, whereupon we esteemed Him not. Surely He hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows : and we have thought Him as it were a leper and as one struck by God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our iniquities, and He was bruised for our sins, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His bruises we are healed." (*Isaias liii. 2—5.*)

"The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and benediction." (*Apoc. v. 12.*)

"But thou our God art gracious and true, patient and ordering all things in mercy. For if we sin we are Thine, knowing Thy greatness; and if we sin not, we know that we are counted with Thee." (*Wisdom xv. 1.*)

"Son, when thou comest to the service of God, stand in justice and in fear, and prepare thy soul for temptation. Humble thy heart and endure; incline thine ear and receive the words of understanding, and make not haste in the time of clouds. Wait on God with patience, join thyself to God and endure that thy life may be increased in the latter end. Take all that shall be brought upon thee; and in thy sorrow endure, and in thy humiliation keep patience. For gold and silver are tried in the fire, but acceptable men in the furnace of humiliation. Believe God and He will recover thee and direct thy way, and trust in Him. Keep His fear, and grow old therein. Ye that fear the Lord, wait for His mercy; and go not aside from Him, lest ye fall. Ye that fear the Lord believe Him and your reward shall not be made void. Ye that fear the Lord, hope in Him, and mercy shall come

to you for your delight. Ye that fear the Lord, love Him, and your hearts shall be enlightened. My children, behold the generation of men ; and know ye that no one hath hoped in the Lord and hath been confounded." (*Ecclesiasticus ii. 1—11.*)

" And now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and formed thee, O Israel : Fear not, for I have redeemed thee and called thee by thy name ; thou art Mine. When thou shalt pass through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers shall not cover thee ; when thou shalt walk in the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, and the flames shall not burn in thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy one of Israel thy Saviour : I have given Egypt for thy atonement, Ethiopia and Saba for thee. Since thou becamest honourable in My eyes thou art glorious : I have loved thee, and I will give men for thee and people for thy life. Fear not, for I am with thee : I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west." (*Isaias xliii. 1—5.*)

" But I say to you that hear, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that calumniate you. . . . But love ye your enemies, do good and lend, hoping for nothing thereby, and your reward shall be great ; you shall be the sons of the most

High, for He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil." (*Luke vi. 27.*)

"Wherefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest, for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself. For thou dost the same things that thou judgest. For we know that the judgment of God is according to truth against them that do such things. And thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them that do such things and dost the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God? or despisest thou the riches of His goodness and patience and long suffering? Knowest thou not that the benignity of God leadeth thee to penance? But according to thy hardness and impenitent heart thou treasurest up to thyself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the just judgment of God, who will render to every man according to his works. To them indeed, who, according to patience in good work, seek glory and honour and incorruption, eternal life; but to them that are contentious, and obey not the truth, but give credit to iniquity, wrath and indignation." (*Romans ii. 1—9.*)

He was fond of recommending the third chapter of St. James on the evils of the tongue and the difference between earthly

and heavenly wisdom. A very favourite Psalm of his was the 120th : " I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains whence help shall come to me." As a consolation to those who gave alms generously for the honour of God, he used to point to the three first lines of the 40th Psalm, and to the well-known verses : " For alms deliver from all sin and from death, and will not suffer the soul to go into darkness. Alms shall be a great confidence before the most high God to all them that give it " (Tobias iv. 11—12), and to the passage from St. Matthew (xxv. 34—40). These words from the inspired writers ought to be read, he used to say, for the consolation of the charitable at the hour of death.

CHAPTER VI.

Father Gallwey's Letters.

FATHER Gallwey was not a great letter writer. He was not fond, so far as one can tell, of giving spiritual direction by letter, as Saints and holy men have done before him. He preferred to give advice on the spot in the confessional, in private conversation, or in the many retreats which he conducted in the fifty years of his priestly life. But as a very large number of persons is sure to have corresponded with him during the forty years he spent in Farm Street, he must have written many letters; of these comparatively few have come under my notice. Some contain private details unsuitable for publication. A careful selection has been made. All letters to him seem to have been lost or destroyed. He was most unwilling that any record of his deeds should be published after his death.

To a friend, a religious of the Society of the Holy Child, who remarked : " They will be writing your life some day," he made the characteristic answer : " I shall take good care that they don't."

Many of the letters, stretching over a period of thirty-four years, bear no date or address. They prove the kindness of his heart, and an intense desire to raise his penitents in the world and in religion to the perfection of their state. The motive he placed before them was the love of God. He never wearies of reminding us that God is first and foremost the Father and Lover of the Soul, but love demands a return in love. The letters must speak for themselves. They will reward attentive perusal, as the outcome of a holy man's prayer and practice, and of experience gained during fifty years in the confessional. These letters, few though they be, enable us to follow the lines of his broad and generous spiritual direction. We hope against hope that more letters may be forthcoming.

For the convenience of the reader a few words are prefixed, not to all, but to some of these letters, giving their drift.

I.

LETTERS TO A PENITENT IN THE WORLD.

(Father Gallwey, in this letter, urges kind thoughts of God, and the love of children and friends for His sake. The love of Christ in the mysteries of religion is veiled, lest they distract us from the duties of life.)

" My dear Child in Christ,

" God bless you : I am hoping that you will come, if God so wills. Meanwhile I will try to answer some questions.

" Mortal sin is very easy to those who neglect prayer and never deny themselves pleasure, and give no alms and do not frequent Mass or Sacraments, and go into dangers, such as bad theatres, unlawful love-making, &c. Mortal sin *is not at all easy to those who are keeping far from it,* hedged round by Rules and Sacraments, and Superiors and prayer, &c. . . .

" There are times, *e.g.*, during Meditation, *when we select our subject* and determine what sorts of thoughts we shall submit to the millstone. If a person was habitually to select severe texts, or sentences from Massillon or some Jansenist writer, the mind would gradually become steeped in

gloomy thoughts, and during the day these gloomy thoughts *would crop up unbidden*.

" If in meditation and prayer time you put under the millstone thoughts of God's love, the mind becomes educated in that direction, and those thoughts crop up of themselves afterwards. Besides this, good angels often suggest thoughts, and so do bad angels, during the day. Saints *gradually* get a great command over their thoughts all day long. As love grows it becomes more hard not to think of God. God is a jealous God. But at the same time He loves all His children and wishes you to love them all. He does not forbid you to like and to love children and friends. Very often what pleases you, pleases Him too ; and He by no means wishes you to be without this pleasure, as it helps necessary work. The only time we must deny nature is when what *pleases* nature *displeases* God, not when both nature and God are pleased together. God is the Creator of nature, much in it is good and pleases Him.

" Our Lord loves Charity above all, and if you pray for me He will give me graces at your request which He might not give me at my own, and moreover He will give you more graces than if you asked for yourself, because you add alms to prayer.

"Our Lord is obliged to keep all mysteries covered by a veil for the present. If you realized the Blessed Sacrament you could scarcely attend to your children. So, too, if you realized the mysteries of His Passion, or Purgatory, &c.

"We come into life *poisoned* and diseased, sins committed in the past, and sometimes worldly education increases the poison, so that we grow up with a mania for self and for riches, comfort, &c., which has to be conquered.

"Very truly yours in Christ,

P. GALLWEY."

(Our Lord through humility allowed His Apostles greater success in the work of conversion than fell to His own lot. People in the world exaggerate perfection. Christ does not wish to deaden love of kindred or friends. He loved dearly His Mother, cousins, and friends.)

Stonyhurst College, Blackburn.
September 1, 1887.

"My dear Child in Christ,

"God bless you and all dear to you!

"Here I am in the thick of the Retreat, but though there are 120 in retreat they do

not take up my time as much as ladies would or nuns, so that I can write to you. Father Colley is making the retreat, and he is a model to all.

" You must understand well and make use of the Rules of St. Ignatius for the Discernment of Spirits.

" Curiously enough during the *Triduum* at —— I answered one of your questions. I was pointing out how our Blessed Lord, through humility of heart, put His Apostles forward and Himself in the background. Our Blessed Saviour in three years converted about 500, St. Peter in one sermon 3,000 (St. John iv. 37, 38). It is very good to pray that others may succeed better than we do.

" It is quite surprising how God in His present plan for our redemption has multiplied humiliations to keep us down, infirmities of body and soul. At the same time God wants us also to have more understanding and knowledge, and will give it as soon as we are *humble enough*.

" You wonder if people sometimes exaggerate perfection beyond our Lord's example. Yes, very much. You see this often in the Gospel. The Pharisee would not let Magdalen come near him. Our Lord would. The Pharisees wondered why He dined with sinners. St. John and St. James

wished that fire might come down on the Samaritan because they would not receive our Lord. He chid them (St. Luke ix. 55). They wanted to hinder some from working miracles because they did not go about with them. He did not approve. (Mark ix. 38.) I do not think that our Blessed Lord wishes proper affection and friendship to be deadened. He says, indeed (Matt. x. 35), that He is come to separate a man from his father, but He means when He calls a son to be a Christian and the Father remains a Jew. He rewards those also who leave father and mother for His sake.

"He Himself had five of His cousins among His Apostles, and many more among His disciples, and His union with His mother is our model. He loves her more because of her high graces than on account of the natural tie; but both are His own creation.

"You say: 'I wonder why God made people, for the best cannot add to His glory.' This seems in one sense to be true, but undoubtedly we can add to God's *accidental* glory as theologians call it. You can be quite sure that there is a way in which God is affected by joy and sorrow, so that we can deal with Him as with a friend.

"Very truly yours in Christ,

P. GALLWEY."

(In the use of free time it is well to follow natural inclination, unless there be a clear indication to work for others dependent on us, as children on their mother. In doubt how to act, ask our Lord, when there is no one near to guide us He will be doubly attentive to our call. A rule of time approved for those in the world is the best way to know the hours to be devoted to prayer and work.)

" My dear Child in Christ,

" . . . St. Ignatius calls his Rules for discernment of spirits, ' Rules which help *to a certain extent* to distinguish inspirations which come from a good or bad angel,' &c. If a person was in a very intense state of fervour a thought of self-complacency would probably cause *alarm and trouble*, as St. Gabriel's words to our Lady. The Rules help us to distinguish, but we often want, moreover, help from a master or Superior, and also that special gift of the Holy Ghost called *discernment*. With regard to working for others or praying, &c., the best way is to have a rule of time approved. With regard to free time, I would advise you in your case to *follow your attrait* until you see *clearly* that you have a duty to do for others. Your danger would

be to be scrupulous, and to be consequently unable to fix your mind, because some distracting fear is worrying. You must be God's little child, and whenever you are in doubt whether you may pray or read or must go to your children, turn to Him and say: 'My dear Lord, you know I am quite willing to do anything you want.' After this, follow your attrait till a clear indication comes to the contrary. Our Lord likes you to be often in doubt in order that you may often come to Him and own helplessness.

"About the lonely feeling, only our Lord can fill the void. If you are working for the children He will often make you feel how grateful He is to you, and when you have no one at hand to lead you, He will be doubly good. You have much more of a docile spirit than is ordinary, and therefore you lean more. This is a grace, but very soon you will find that our Blessed Lord is really your friend and guide and Father and true love. Even in this world our Lord will to a great extent fill the void.

" 'I wonder whether it is good or bad to feel a separate life from others.' " In your case good; but there will grow in you a great interest in all sorts of persons.

" Poverty of spirit is not humbug, but a very great reality. But remember that Christ means *Gospel poverty* to be quite

different from *starvation poverty*. He undertakes to provide a hundredfold for those who leave all. 'I suppose for those who care much about God this life becomes more or less a Purgatory.' Quite right! The Imitation says: 'Know for certain that you must lead a dying life'; the cross with much interior consolation. The cross brought redemption from sin within reach of the whole world. How do we know that one Mass does not release a soul? It often does release many more than one. The Indulgence helps besides.

"Yours very truly in Christ,

P. GALLWEY."

(A meek mistress is strong, and governs her house, her children and servants. Meekness is not weakness. We are not to be over-anxious or to see too many defects in ourselves. Good seed can be dropped even in a drawing-room.)

November 16th.

"My dear Child in Christ,

"You say the last three years have gone by slowly. That is because you have worked very hard, and travelled over much

ground in the spiritual life. It has been a life of genuine hard work.

"The thought that the Gospel unfits us for ordinary life must be a mistake. If the Gospel were carried out, this world would be a paradise. Sometimes we overlook certain parts of the Gospel and then get ourselves into a puzzle. We only take portions of it as heretics do. Now, with regard to the management of children and servants. If we take the whole Gospel we shall find that meekness does not mean weakness. Our Saviour was very meek in His Passion, but full of courage. Observe His gentle word to the servant who struck Him, and remember, too, that the meek possess the land in the end. A meek mistress is silent for the moment, shows no anger, but comes back to the point next day after prayer and sees that all obey. Do not imagine that you are unfit to govern a house. You are quite quick-sighted enough, and you are certainly firm, and our Lord will help you; you are over-anxious and see too many defects in yourself. The Devil's favourite temptation with you is to tell you something *against yourself* to perplex and depress you. Remember St. Ignatius' Rule. If our Lord wants you to see a fault He will speak in a way that *will neither perplex nor distress*.

"Your argument about the necessity of

an authoritative voice to settle doubts and disputes in religious questions is perfect. All you need add is prayer, because oftentimes Protestants are not ready for argument till prayer has prepared the way. You are right also in your view that oftentimes in drawing-rooms you can sow a good seed and must leave it to time to take root.

" Yours very truly in Christ,

P. GALLWEY."

(Love is pain, the value of love is proved by pain. Killing lawful affection does not promote the love of God. The love of mothers, wives and friends is a wonderful help to love God. Father Gallwey wishes that he was ten times more affectionate. Writing down thoughts in meditation time, as a remedy against distraction, stops fervour. A bit of the Our Father or of Hail Mary, or of a text, is better, a plan followed by St. Theresa. Tidiness in home and dress and servants is to be insisted upon ; and dowdiness is to be avoided.)

" My dear Child in Christ,

" God bless you and all dear to you. He says to you : ' What I am doing, you know

not now, but you will know hereafter.' Acceptable men are tried in the furnace of humiliation, and so He tries you to purify you more and save you from pride. Read the first thirteen verses (chap. 2) of Ecclesiasticus (not Ecclesiastes) and take them in well.

" What you say, that love is pain, pleases me much. Pain proves that love is genuine. Love on earth must no doubt be a foretaste of the hunger and thirst of purgatory. Pray often that the children may die rather than ever lose innocence. You are not wrong. For though God, in His infinite mercy, can mend the torn robe with jewels, He would die to prevent one mortal sin. Read the fourth chapter of Wisdom on Innocence, verses 7 to 17.

" Scenery and nature help many souls to God, but I think that living souls and their wants in town are a grander study. ' The proper study of mankind is man.' The poor Centurion ! Do not be hard on him. Our Lord never stays away because a man says : ' Oh, Lord, I am not worthy.' How do you know that He did not go afterwards. The Devil guessed that our Saviour was *the Christ*, the Messias promised, but did not know that He was God. If he had known he never would have worked for His death. The early Fathers say that one

reason why St. Joseph was espoused to our Lady was to conceal from the Devil the miraculous birth of Jesus. It is not at all certain that the Devil knows all our thoughts—more probably not. He can give good guesses from outward signs, but theologians think that the devils do not read all our thoughts.

" I cannot conceive that killing *an affection* would promote love of God. Sensual affection is, I think, a great impediment, but I see in mothers and wives and friends an affection which helps wonderfully to love for God. It would be strange, indeed, if God, who creates nature and grace, should make one antagonistic to the other. St. Paul speaks of a want of affection as one of the worst curses of the latter days (2 Tim. iii. 1—5). Nature ought not to be crushed except when it is vitiated by sin and inordinate. I wish I was ten times more affectionate. St. Paul is wonderfully affectionate. Some Saints who were very affectionate have for God's sake risen above it, *e.g.*, the Mother of the Machabees and our Lady.

" When you mix in society, I do not think that you are bound to be interested in the trivialities of life. I think your best plan is to go about eagerly seeking for the chance of doing some good by sympathy and charity.

"Bossuet is an orator, and orators say things to strike. When he represents our Lord as a sinner, he is only making use of what St. Paul says, that He became sin for us, or rather that God made Him *sin* (2 Cor. v. 21) (not sin the verb but sin the substantive). I have often, in the pulpit, called attention to the fact that the brazen serpent was a type of Christ. At first sight, this seems odd, till we remember that in His Passion the Lord laid on Him the iniquities of us all, and He on the Cross personified the sinner.

"I do not quite like the writing plan during Meditation, though I remember hearing one of our Fathers wish that he could be allowed to have a pen in his hand all the time. I think a pen would prevent all fervent colloquies. I advise you rather when your mind is wandering to begin colloquies. Use bits of the 'Our Father' or 'Hail Mary' or some text. St. Teresa used to do this, and I always find a great help in this plan.

"I think *some* reading of modern books for conversation's sake would be desirable. Take care to get a tidy house that does not look too dingy, and have tidy servants, and do not let your dress attract attention by being dowdy.

"Consolation and desolation are real

supernatural states or preternatural, sent or permitted by God, and over which you have no control. The more you get near to God, the more you will be out of conceit with yourself, and see more defects. Nieremberg and Lancisius are both very unearthly men and most energetic in pushing forward.

" Very truly yours in Christ,

P. GALLWEY."

(Christ accepts half an hour given to children, servants, or the poor, as if spent before the Tabernacle. Love is made up of little acts ; great occasions for its display are scarce.)

" My dear Child in Christ,

"The thoughts which you have to bear in mind are : First, that our Lord most faithfully adheres to His word, ' What you did to the least of my little ones you did it to me,' and therefore accepts every half hour which you devote to your children or your servants or the poor, as if spent directly on Himself in the Blessed Sacrament ; secondly, that your life at present made up of home duties resembles our Lady's at Nazareth ; (you can become most holy by doing

all these daily duties in union with the carpenter's work at Nazareth and the Blessed Virgin's housework), thirdly, that love is made up of little things. You will find continually little opportunities of proving to our Lord that you remember Him and love Him. The love of married life and the love of mother and child proves itself by a number of little acts. Great occasions are scarce.

"Very truly yours in Christ,

P. GALLWEY."

(Father Gallwey again urges on his penitent poverty of spirit, hospitality, tidiness in home and dress. Our Lord and His Mother practised more than they ask of us. Christ overlooks a mother's shortcomings and loves her far more than she loves her children. A mother can love Christ as much as any nun. The confessor's guidance checks the extravagance into which love might betray us.)

"My dear Child in Christ,

"Remember our Lord's word. Blessed are the poor *in spirit*. All cannot be poor *in effect*, but all can be poor in spirit, and it

is much better to be *poor in spirit* and *actually rich*, than *actually poor,* and *not* poor in spirit. A nun may be in effect poor, and yet in her heart may be desiring the good things of this world. On the other hand a lady may be rich, and yet truly desirous of our Lord's poverty. In the book of Esther you see a good instance of poverty of spirit. Esther wears her royal crown, but detests the pride of it.

"Of course our Blessed Lord needed not poverty for Himself. Riches could not harm Him. He was thinking of all of us, and amongst the rest, of you His dear child, and He chose poverty in order to save your heart from loving riches inordinately. In your position, then, you cannot be poor in effect, but you can draw quite close to our Lord by poverty of spirit. You must keep your house nice and entertain hospitably and dress tidily, and all the while in your heart wish to be poor with our Lady, and seek for opportunities of tasting poverty by denying yourself some luxuries. Aspirations, therefore, towards the imitation of Christ are not at all mere illusions. Provided you do nothing outwardly without advice and act under some obedience, you will find that all the good desires will help you much to our Lord. Even in the religious life nuns and monks are obliged to

regulate their poverty according to the duties of their state. If they want a good library, they must have it, and if they must be dressed neatly, they must have tidy clothes. Our Lord and His Mother purposely practised more than they wish us to practise. You will find much more peace if you will try to look on yourself as our Lord's little child. Instead of blaming yourself because you do not equal the Saints, try to take the view I take of you, that our Blessed Lord is looking down on you with wonderful pleasure, loving you immensely more than you love your children, not noticing your shortcomings, but wonderfully contented because you make efforts to please Him. This view will warm your heart more ; it is the true view, and no vanity will come from it. . . . To every one our Lord says : ' Thou shalt love with thy whole heart.' You may be quite sure that our Blessed Saviour gives you full leave to love Him as much as any nun loves Him. All my intercourse with you has left this impression on my mind, that He gives you great grace, and is very much pleased with you. Your only danger would be if you pushed on without guidance. The Devil might then trick you and get you to injure health or do some extravagant things. But so long as our Lord

continues to give you grace to be very open the Devil cannot trick you.

" I am always pleased to hear of children's acts of self-denial. They win much grace for after-life.

" Very truly yours in Christ,

P. GALLWEY."

" My dear Child in Christ,

" Though I wrote yesterday before receiving your last letter I will write again just to say again God bless you always, my good and dear child in Christ.

" I do not like your fasting every day. I think it is not safe. I think twice a week better for you.

"I am so pleased with what you write that all worries are endurable except the fear of sin. Our Lord will love you for writing that, and will save you from deliberate sin. Be very filial with God: call Him Father, and call Him Jesus, Father, and Saviour. These names must be very dear to you.

" Very truly yours in Christ,

P. GALLWEY."

(His correspondent's doctrine on sensible devotion is incorrect. Such devotion

is a wonderful help to love. We should accept it gratefully when our Lord sends it, and be patient when he withdraws it. Valuable advice is given for the training of children by strictness and gentleness born of a mother's love. Children should be encouraged to love flowers, to arrange them for the altar, and to give them to the sick. Quickness in seeing faults in our neighbour is a useful gift, if we are ready to help him by prayer and a kind word. As for penance, it is better to offer it for others than for ourselves. Penance for others has a double value : while remaining penance it is also an alms.)

" My dear Child in Christ,

" God bless you always and God bless each of your children and everyone else dear to you !

"Your doctrine about sensible devotion is wrong—it is an exaggeration and might do harm. Of course it is true that the feelings belong to the animal nature, but would it not be a most grave heresy to say that the senses of the body cannot help to sanctity? The eyes belong to the animal nature. Are we not to use them as helps to salvation? Are we not to read good books or look at

a crucifix or at the poor? St. Ignatius strongly urges us in retreat to pray for tears, and he means not merely inward grief but tears from the eyes. The Protestants have adopted your false principle and pushed it farther. They are fond of quoting the text, 'Rend your hearts and not your garments,' and wish to believe that God only wants inward penance and not bodily pain or weariness. Holy Church on the contrary, enlightened by the Holy Spirit, knows that the body and soul must work together. If inward sorrow is great, there is sure to be outward penance, and so sensible consolation is often a wonderful help to love, and takes away inordinate relish for this world. So, please, my dear child, do not try to stifle sensible devotion whenever our Lord sends it to you; accept it gratefully as a great help, and be humble and patient when He withdraws it.

"You say that your sister thinks that you spoil your children. On this point I think, firstly, that you will be rendering them a great service if you accustom them from childhood to obey promptly, to conquer selfishness, to be obliging to everyone, to do acts of self-denial, to love to give alms; but secondly, all this must be so managed that they shall never be too much afraid of you. I see in you at the present day very great

proof of the good that has come to you in consequence of having been brought up strictly. The art to be learned is to combine strictness with gentleness. In other words there must be true motherly love, true Christian love. For in love there is both strength and gentleness. You say that you have lost your former tastes for the garden and for adorning the house. I do not wonder at this, and this is one more reason why I do not like your crushing sensible devotion, for I believe that our Lord is very much pleased with you, and I think I do know your spiritual state well. If then our Lord is pleased with you, and is weaning you from this world, it is that He may unite you more closely to Himself, and therefore I think He will often send you some spiritual consolation as a help, otherwise I think that your health would break down, if you had always to work on in dryness and desolation. Get your children to have a taste for flowers, and to grow flowers for the altar, and to give a bunch of flowers to sick persons. You say also you are quick to see faults in others. I have thought much on this talent of seeing faults in others, and this is the outcome of my studies : If you become aware that a poor neighbour has rheumatic fever, this knowledge brings with it an obligation of giving

some beef-tea or some other help. Even so, if I see a fault in my neighbour, my discovery brings with it an obligation of giving him a spiritual alms, so that a quick perception of our neighbour's defects is a useful gift, if the charity of our heart keeps pace with the quickness of the intellect. But if we see faults quickly and do not give any help, the quick perception becomes a very mischievous disease. . . . Renew every day your faith in His promise that every thought and every word and every act of yours which goes towards helping your children, will be valued as if given directly to our Blessed Lord. . . .

" The Devil's plan with you has been to fill your mind with panics about yourself, and mistrust of your good thoughts. You will obtain very great contrition and very strong love as soon as you begin to believe that our Lord loves you very much, far more than you love your children, and that He is so partial to you that He will not look at any of your faults, but will cast them behind His back.

" With regard to penance, it is a better act to offer up penances to gain graces for others than to do penances for our own sins, for penance for others has the double value of penance and almsgiving. Another motive for penance is the desire of sharing

suffering with our Lord in His suffering for us.

"If after any duty that absorbs your mind you find you can turn easily to God, that is a good sign that you have not been far away. Some duties require all your attention, but when this attention is given for God, there is no dissipation.

"Very truly yours in Christ,

P. GALLWEY."

(Our Lord is always delighted when we run to Him in a difficulty. One reason why our Lord spoke in parables and left the Scripture in part difficult to understand, is because He wants us to ask help of Him and of others. The Devil is a slanderer: he slanders us to God, and God to us, and accuses us to ourselves. Unable to assail God directly, he tries to wound Him by wounding us.)

Sidmouth, *August 3, 1887.*

"My dear Child in Christ,

"Our Blessed Saviour will be delighted if when you want advice you lift your heart to Him with *very filial trust*. If I were near you what a consolation it would be to me

if you came to me in a difficulty ; how much more pleased must our Lord be when you run to Him. Try to convince yourself more and more that you are more dear to Him than the best child on earth is to the best mother, and that the Devil hates you and torments you simply because you are God's child, and His image. Not being able now to assail God directly, he tries to wound Him by wounding you. Our Lord sees that this persecution comes on you because you belong to Him, and therefore is full of pity for you. One reason why our Lord spoke in parables, and has left the Scripture in part difficult, is because, first, it is part of His plan that we shall all want a master to help us and so depend on one another. If you could solve all your difficulties my occupation would be gone. . . Secondly, He also wishes us to have some labour in understanding that we may be forced to beg light from Him. As the Jews would never draw near to Him when prospering, He often sent them troubles to force them to have recourse to Him. I am quite sure that you are much pleased when your children come to you to untie a knot for them, and most certainly it is a joy for me when you come to me for help in a difficulty, therefore, why should not your Heavenly Father also have the comfort of hearing you say

'O Lord, make haste to help me.' Do not let the Devil trick you into the idea that our Lord is displeased with you or far away. Remember that Diabolus means 'accuser'; he is always accusing you to our Lord, accusing our Lord to you, and accusing you to yourself. Some uncertainty is necessary, otherwise you would not need help from God or man."

(We are not justified in applying all truths to ourselves. One man's meat is another man's poison. The Devil, in the guise of an angel, may suggest anxious thoughts that worry and perplex, while encouraging thoughts are from God. Father Gallwey consoles his correspondent; the fear of God's judgment and of Purgatory is a sign that the judgment will not be severe. He urges again a strong love of God. God is jealous and covets every bit of love. A victory over self is a delightful act of love for God.)

September 2, 1890.

"My dear Child in Christ,

"This morning a verse in the 118th Psalm brought to my mind the con-

versation we had about the chilling effect of desolation when it goes on long. 'My soul has slumbered, become drowsy, through heaviness.' There are a great many verses in that Psalm which it would be worth your while to study. Take one at a time, or two or three, and just see whether you can mean them. If you come to one that seems unintelligible, skip it.

"Yes, there is often truth at the bottom of your difficulties, but it is a *truth exaggerated*, or more commonly a *truth* which is true for others, but does not apply to your soul. It is a truth that 'quinine is a good medicine,' but it may chance that to-day it would be poison to you. Some writer has said that our minds are like *millstones, always grinding some thought*, but it depends on us to determine whether we grind good wheat or bad. There are *severe truths* in the Gospel, and *consoling* hopeful truths, and you have power to select one or other to be ground. Naturally you always lean to the severe truths, and after a time they chill you and take the spring out of your soul. St. Ignatius' simple Rule will help you much. You imagine commonly, I guess, that the Devil is deceiving you when encouraging thoughts come, and when you think you are doing well. I believe that it is the other way round. It is when

anxious thoughts are worrying and perplexing and drying you up that the Devil is speaking under the guise of an angel. Your fear of God's judgments and of Purgatory is a very strong sign that your judgment will not be severe. Be bold and filial and consider strong love to be quite within your reach.

"You say: 'How silly, what good can it do to God that you should eat less or have some small discomfort?' The answer is, 'God is a jealous God,' that is to say, He desires love from each of us as much as if He were most jealous. Now God's great rival is *Self*. Every act of inordinate love of self pains and disappoints our jealous God. Every act, however small, of resistance to self and self-conquest is really an act of delightful love to God.

"'One sometimes compares persons with high aspirations with others who quietly go on.' Such comparisons are of little use. Unless you know the *souls you cannot judge*. Some persons who seem to be going on quietly are committing grievous sins very habitually, and some who *express* high aspirations, do not in their practice aim so high."

II.

Letters to an Old Friend and Penitent in the World.

(Explanation of the *Alma Redemptoris*.)

"I am very far away from Dorking up in Yorkshire attending a dangerous case. I hope to be back on Friday. Just at present I am confining myself to one thought: I am begging our Blessed Lady to obtain for me some little share of that maternal love which she had for her Divine Son. I like the words: *Mater parvuli Jesu, gratia plena, benedicta in mulieribus, ora pro nobis peccatoribus:* 'Mother of the little child Jesus, full of grace and blessed among women, pray for us sinners.'

"Have you ever studied the *Alma Redemptoris?* It contains some very useful thoughts. Perhaps you have not a literal translation of it. Paraphrases are not as pretty as the original Latin. The literal sense is something of this kind.

"'Sacred (or Venerable) Mother of our Redeemer, who art still (and dost ever continue to be) the open Gate of Heaven, and the star of the Sea, bring help to thy falling people, who desire to rise. Thou who, while nature stood astonished, didst give

birth to thy own Holy Creator.[1]

" ' Before the birth a Virgin, and after, still a Virgin. From Gabriel's mouth accept the greeting, *Ave,* and take pity on sinners.'

" Observe, if a woman can give birth to her own Creator, no miracle of mercy is impossible. You mistook my meaning about the letters. I like yours in style much more than the familiarity of mine.

" When I get back on Friday I will find out whether the *Enfants de Marie* meet next Tuesday and let you know.

" God bless you and may our Blessed Lady obtain for you a great increase of love for her Son during this Christmas.

"My best wishes also to Mother General.

" Very truly yours in Christ,

P. GALLWEY."

(His correspondent is reminded that we do not make as much use as we should of the Passion in our ordinary prayers.)

" When your New Year's note arrived I was making my annual retreat. Since then

[1] Dante, in the *Paradiso*, Canto 33, says:

Vergine madre figlia del suo figlio
Umile ed alta più che creatura
Termine fisso d'eterno consiglio.

I have been giving a *Triduum* in addition to other heavy work ; so that letters are late. However, I find that I am writing on the feast of one of your family Saints, St. Wolstan. This may make amends somewhat, and now, as I consider that you are only let out to the Dominican Fathers for a time, I must beg of you to take great pains to keep very good, so that we may not have too much trouble to get the garden into good order when the lease expires. I can give you one suggestion which is very much in my mind lately, that is, that we do not make nearly as much use of the Passion of our Lord as we ought. You may remember that when the woman only touched His garment a virtue came out from Him.

" Several holy Fathers write that much more does a virtue come out of the Passion even if we only call it to memory ; trying to recollect how things happened. I think it is a most efficacious remedy for troubles to keep repeating some word that our Blessed Lord spoke during the Passion over and over again, during several meditations, till light comes.

" Present my dutiful good wishes to Mother Abbess, and any Brothers who may be with you, for there is no knowing when they turn up, and believe me very truly,

P. GALLWEY."

(Father Gallwey mentions the help he gained from the "Hail Mary" when out of sorts, and adds some words of comfort to the desolate.)

"I have been negotiating for a priest for you and I thought that I had one, but his health is an obstacle at present. I hope Rosary Sunday will have brought you some spiritual grace. I used to observe formerly that when an effort was made on that day to honour our Blessed Lady, some marked blessing came to the Church. You seem from your account of yourself to have got one of those lazy fits to which we are all so subject; and only the Saints know how to resist them properly. One happy thing is that the charity of our Blessed Lord does not give us up when we are inclined to give ourselves up. I have sometimes found good, and great good, when seedy and out of gear, in repeating the first words of the 'Hail Mary' slowly. Hail, full of grace—the Lord is with thee—I am a sinner—The Lord has good reason to leave me, but He is with thee—there is no sin in thee, full of grace.—Hail, I am glad, I wish you joy.

"Another thought that helps is that each step down hill brings so much trouble after, and more as we grow older. We must rouse ourselves at last before we get quite

to the bottom, and then it is very dismal work climbing up. As I have often told you before, I am much more surprised at the constancy which I have witnessed during so many years than at your occasionally getting a fit of desolation.

" I end with a word of Thomas à Kempis, which has helped me before now : ' When you are in trouble do not stick in the mud too much.' The meaning is, do not brood too much over it. Do not imagine that it will not end, or that it is beyond cure. You have got out of former scrapes, and God is merciful now as then."

(The reason why the impression made in Meditation does not always last is because our Lord wishes us to go back to Him during the day for strength and advice.)

" Many thanks for your nice letter. It cheers me to get a bit of good news. You must not wonder that the impressions made by a Meditation seem not to last. Some of them do not last, but some do.

" Some do not, because our Lord wishes to keep us near Him throughout the day, and if by working for one hour we could get bread for the whole day, we should not

go back to Him often. Moreover, some impressions He does not wish always to last. Whether we like it or not, there will be a succession of clouds and sunshine to keep us humble. Still you will find that when you have a good useful light, you will often be able, by making a repetition in the same meditation, to deepen the impression made till it becomes familiar.

"To-day Father Porter takes my place as Rector, but I am to remain in London to scold you and others.

" This evening I begin my retreat at Manresa. Give me a prayer and tell Mother Abbess also to do so. God bless both ! "

" God bless you more and more for your last note, which I read in the train coming here. It is full of charity and kindness. Our Blessed Lord is very good to His child.

" I was thinking of your note when my eye fell on a word in the 124th Psalm : ' Do good, O Lord, to those who are good and right of heart.' Through His grace and our Lady's care you seem to me to be always growing in goodness of heart. May you go on till death every hour receiving more graces. All your notes renew in me the thought of which I spoke to you, that

I am not doing for you what I ought to be doing.

" You have a just claim to spiritual help from me, and you will reproach me properly in Purgatory if I do not do more for you now. Again, my dear Child in Christ, God bless you, and Mother Abbess also."

(Father Gallwey introduces a favourite text of his, often quoted with deep feeling, in his sermons—2 Kings xv. 21.)

" May our Lord bless you every hour of the next month in reward of all your great charity. I am snatching a moment to say one word to you in return for your two last letters, which were so very kind and good. I wish I could win good graces for you. I will give you one sentence to think of. Read the xv. chapter of 2 Book of Kings and notice the 21st verse : ' In what place soever Thou shalt be, Lord my King, either in death or in life, there will Thy servant be.' Apply that to our Blessed Lord and His Blessed Mother. Say to them that their child wishes to be with them in life and death, in poverty and in humility. Wherever my Lord and my Lady are, there I wish to be. Again and again, my dear

Child in Christ, may God bless you. Give my very best wishes to Mother General."

(Life in the world and consecration to God at the same time are quite possible.)

" It seems to me that your line is pretty clearly marked out. You wish to be consecrated, but cannot have the outward forms of consecration. You must be consecrated, and thoroughly so in your heart. Just as there are many who in body are in a convent, and in heart worldly, so you must be in body in your home, and in heart a consecrated spouse of our Lord. That this may be carried out one thing is absolutely necessary, to conquer with courage the difficulties in the way of prayer. Just at this moment I know a lady in the world who has to manage a house, and she seems to have courageously conquered the difficulties that hinder prayer, and the consequence is that she seems to me to get as large graces as any nun I ever met.

" In order to succeed in prayer, you will have to manage your Meditations well, preparing points well, and getting suitable subjects. It will also be necessary to give a good deal of time to voluntary prayer. With regard to the Meditations, I think it

would help if you always afterwards gave a few minutes to reflection in the morning, to see if all had been done well, and also if you kept a diary, writing every day a few lines to show how you succeeded, and what thought occupied you.

" Put down also in the diary any inspiration that comes strongly to your mind during the day. As to my health, I think I am recovering very steadily, not quite as quickly as might be, but I am decidedly better.

" May our Blessed Lord give you a good bit of courage and bless you in every way.

" The thought you mention about the glory to God that accrues from an increase of merit, is a specimen of what I mean by an inspiration. That thought helps me very much."

(Why we pray sometimes like parrots. A miracle on the body at Lourdes is less difficult than the conversion of a soul.)

" What I was trying to make clear on Sunday, was that when we say the *Stabat Mater,* first, we often say so much that we do not mean, like parrots ; for example, the *nati vulnerati pœnas mecum divide,* ' share the sufferings of your Son with me.'

"Secondly, what then are we to do? To go on honouring only with our lips, or to turn honest and lay aside all such prayers!

"Thirdly, neither course will do; we must rouse ourselves, and mount up to a much higher state far above our flesh and blood.

"Fourthly, How can we get to such a state seeing that we do not even desire to get to it? We don't wish for sufferings.

"Fifthly, we can ask our Lady to pray for us sinners. She knows what to pray for; we don't. She will pray earnestly for the better gifts for us.

"Sixthly, but we must remember that it is easier for God to cure a blind man at Lourdes than to cure our souls. (*a*) Because the blind man is eager to be cured; we are not. (*b*) Because his sins have not caused his blindness; our blindness is an effect of sin.

"I arrange matters differently. I like going round the wounds of our Lord and asking help for different groups at each. By the crown of thorns I ask for Superiors; by the right hand for all in the state of pain, and for all benefactors; by the left hand for all now in grievous sin; by His sacred feet for all I have trampled upon, and for all trampled on by others, and for all who suffer much; by the sacred side I ask for all

for whom I am specially bound to pray, who have peculiar claims on account of new relationship, religious bonds, friendship and kindness, &c. However, I shall tell you more when I see you, which I hope will be next Saturday; I will write again exact hour. If our Blessed Lord wills it we can manage Extreme Unction. I will spend a day or two with you."

(Valuable advice to souls in desolation.)

"God bless you! I was going to write to you about yesterday's letter when your card about poor ——— arrived. May our Lord be very good to her; she has had a fair share of Purgatory in this world. About yourself. Open the 2nd Chapter of Ecclesiasticus (not Ecclesiastes) and read thirteen verses. Also read St. Ignatius' description of desolation in the Rules for the discernment of spirits. You have them in the Retreat prayers. I have often found that in merely reading over what he says about desolation to persons who were suffering from it, the cloud was removed.

"He describes the soul as 'wholly sluggish and tepid and sad, without hope, without love.' That is to say, the poor sufferer thinks his soul to be in this state, and all

the while he may be gaining more merit far than when in consolation. God is purposely withdrawing sensible help in order to teach you to live by faith and to trust Him when all seems desperate. He is not gone away. He is not far off. He is only waiting a little while until you have conquered the devil, and then He comes back. God bless you again. May our Lord come back and give you a double share of Christian graces."

(A few words of consolation to his old friend.)

"A very happy Feast to you and your sister and your papa and everybody else at Maidenhead. Your little note I look upon as the quarterly rent which is an acknowledgment that—— still belongs to us. When Europe gets back to a right state we shall have our own again. Meanwhile I have a thought for you which I take from our Office for the Feast of the Sacred Heart. If you will open your Bible at the twelfth chapter of the Prophet Isaias, you will find the thought that our Blessed Lord wishes you to have to-morrow and henceforth in life and in death. 'I will give thanks to Thee, O Lord, for Thou wast angry with

me. Thy wrath is turned away and Thou hast comforted me! Beloved God is my Saviour. I will deal confidently and will not fear!' Find some time to go to your chapel and think of the verses of this chapter, one at a time, and make a good act of faith, that they are sent to you from the Sacred Heart of our Lord."

(He urges greater care of health and reminds his correspondent that God values much more our desires than our acts.)

"You will be most welcome on Monday if you come, and if you wish to come to the Confessional at 1 or 1.30, before the devout, come. I will meet you there in order that you may not be kept waiting. Take great care not to undertake more than you have a right to do. It is much easier for our Lord to give you internal graces in your own room, even at Dorking, than to work miracles to cure your body if over-tired. With regard to the words of the Imitation, so often brought under your eye, they contain a good lesson for your present state. If you were well, you might, as you say, run off to Westbury and be there in body. In your present state you can do little cor-

porally. All you can do is to watch your heart and its desires. Luckily our Blessed Lord, like every other true friend, values the desires of the heart immeasurably more than the outward acts. The warning given to you is that your whole attention is to be given to your desires. For instance, you must not be too much spent on actually going to London for All Souls, nor on going to Mass. What is most important is that you should desire to be with our Lord and doing His will. I called your attention to the 118th Psalm for this very reason, that it expresses so wonderfully the desires and thoughts of a loving heart. Try more and more to form *intense* desires."

(Greater trust in God, especially in sickness, is the advice of the last letter.)

"Dr. Harper will not let me stir as yet. He is at my throat every morning. I am afraid, therefore, that I shall not be able to get to you till the Feast of the Assumption. I shall certainly go that day whatever happens. Meanwhile, may God bless you and Mother Abbess. Try vigorously not to lose great trust in our Blessed Lord during your present starvation. He sees

every desire of your heart, and every time you wish for Holy Communion you give Him joy. He can speak to you and bless you in your room. You give Him very great pleasure, indeed, every time you make an act of trust in the mercy and love of His Sacred Heart. Again, may He bless His suffering child. We must have a good talk about Extreme Unction next Monday."

CHAPTER VII.

Letters to Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.

THE letters in this chapter were addressed to members of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Providence seems to have allowed that Father Gallwey's apostolic work with nuns should be mainly devoted to the Religious of the Holy Child and to the Society of the Sacred Heart. His retreats to ladies in the world at the Sacred Heart Convent, Roehampton, stretched over a period of nearly fifty years. The first was in September, 1860, the last in May, 1906. He gave also retreats and *Triduums* to the Religious, and from the autumn of 1877 to his death was Director of the Children of Mary, established in that Convent. His labours for the Society of the Holy Child Jesus covered a shorter period, about the last twenty years of his

life. He gave retreats at Mayfield and St. Leonards during this interval; and he was brought into close communication with the Religious at Cavendish Square, where, as Director, he gave Instructions and Meditations to the Children of Mary. To both Societies he sent valuable subjects.

He was attracted to these Orders for various reasons, one probably being that both have rendered eminent service in the cause of Catholic Education. For in all that concerned the training of youth of either sex Father Gallwey took the keenest interest. He was most anxious that nuns should aim at a high standard of education; and urged the importance of this truly apostolic work in private conversations, in retreats, and in his letters. The battle of the Church is fought in the schools, he thought, and no pains should be spared to make our educational establishments thoroughly up-to-date. Obviously the spiritual training of Religious and their pupils should hold the first place in the programme. True spirituality, love of God, and zeal for perfection are tested by a readiness for persevering labour and a constant strain to make

that labour in Colleges and Convents efficient and successful. Such was his creed.

(A Religious apparently tempted to change her Order for another is strongly urged to remain where she is. She could not have been over-absorbed by her work during the year, for she prayed better during the vacation. This is a sign that she was not far away from God during the year. Our Lord asks of her weary work; the sacrifice of time, comfort and spiritual repose. He urges the importance of the highest standard in education.)

August, 1900.

"I advise you strongly to put quite out of your head all thought of another Order, and to bend all your efforts during the retreat to obtaining more grace for your present duties. I think it would be sheer loss of time to debate the question whether you are in your right place. I will tell you some of the reasons that weigh with me: first, you are able to pray better during holiday time. That is always a sign that you have not been far away from God during the working time. If you had been indulging passions during the year, prayer would not be easy in vacation, but if your

mind has only been absorbed in work that was a duty, our Lord will be good to you when there is a chance. Either Rodriguez or Lancisius tells of a lay-Brother, a cook, who worked all day for the monks, and in the evening was allowed to walk out in the grounds, and then he was full of devotion and shed tears. He imagined that if he could get rid of the cooking he would have the sensible devotion all day. He got leave to give up the kitchen and all the devotion vanished.

" Secondly, I think that by giving you more pious thoughts during holidays, our Blessed Lord says to you that during the year, what He asks from you is not really pious thoughts but weary work.

" In St. Ignatius' time education became so important to the Church, that for our scholastics he cut down prayer, and would only allow one Communion in the week, lest anything should interfere with study. He wanted all his men to follow our Lord *usque ad defatigationem*. A very good mother, when her child is very ill, has to nurse and watch till she is quite spent with weariness ; she has no sweet thoughts.

" Thirdly, I have always considered you one of our Lord's chosen children, most dear to Him. He does not now call you to rest at His Feet, but to *weary work ;* and

while you are working, He is ever watching. He was very delighted when He saw the poor widow cast her two mites into the poor-box, and called His Apostles to watch her. His Sacred Heart is greatly consoled when He watches you working for Him. He calls His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph and other Saints to see how you sacrifice worldly pleasures and bodily comfort, and even spiritual consolation for His little ones.

"Fourthly, the question of education is now even more important to the Church than in the days of St. Ignatius. There is a fearful struggle going on for the souls of children. It is of the utmost importance that you should give an education up to the highest mark.

"So spend all your retreat time in believing firmly that you are God's most dear child, and that He asks you to sacrifice yourself thoroughly for His work. Your motto is to be: *Dilexit me et tradidit semetipsum pro me:* 'He loved me and He delivered Himself up for me.' He gave Himself entirely for me. He entirely forgot all His own rights for me. In return He asks: 'Will you sacrifice yourself for Me? Will you give up worldly pleasure, bodily comfort, bodily health, if necessary, spiritual repose?'"

December 28, 1901.

"Don't clamour to get rid of exceptional leaves, but worry our Lady and St. Joseph to make you well enough to work for our Blessed Lord, and be very *filial* and *prayerful* and *loving*. That is what He wants from you. He perhaps sends you bad health for a while in order that you may have leisure to grow in love. Be a very good child. You have most special reasons to be hopeful and loving."

July 29, 1902.

"(1) One thing seems to me clear: that you see all that has been wrong and are sorry for it, so that you can safely confess and take your vows.

"(2) If I were with you I would absolve all; therefore God will be infinitely more merciful.

"(3) He says: 'I am He who for My own sake forgive sins': because He created you, because He is your Father; because you are His child and He loves you with a parental love infinitely above the love of the best of mothers. He is far more desirous of forgiving you than you are of being forgiven.

"(4) I can find excuses for many things

in your letter. He will find more.

"(5) One sure conclusion is that you must love more after this absolution than ever before. Confess, get absolution, and go ahead!"

(The following were written immediately after leaving Father Gallwey, and are more or less his exact words.)

"When you do get some time in the Chapel, in Meditation and at Holy Mass, tell our Lord to shield you and not to let you stray from Him. He has given you more chances of sanctity, and has made it easier for you to become a saint than many others. If it is not good for you to be where you are, God will do something, remove you if He sees it necessary. You have to live till ninety and to do a great deal for Him. *Fac Cor amans Jesu mei—Fac ut nos amemus Te.*

"You do not *want* to go away from Jesus? When you feel jaded, then the Devil tries to make you think it is all your fault. Look for the cause of the fatigue, and don't, above all, get discouraged.

"Be God's *little* child. Return to what you were. Call God your Father. Lie down by Him in the Garden of Olives.

'Abba, Father.' The first word on the Cross was 'Father, forgive them.' The last word was '*Father*, into Thy Hands I commend my spirit.'

"If you have gone a bit astray don't stay there. If you are in the mud, don't stick in it. Get up! Make an act of contrition. Put that part of your life in parenthesis and close it immediately, and begin again.

"As a penance try to make others happy. Would your mother forgive you what you have done? Yes. Then God certainly will. Be always God's little child."

"Pray much for the spirit of love. Not sweet thoughts and consolations, but suffering love. Our Lord loves us and thinks nothing too good for us. When distracted with study, remember when you go to prayer, that although *you* may not feel glad to go to our Lord, *He* loves you intensely and is more than delighted to see you."

"My dear Sister in Christ,

"1st. Our Lord says to you: 'Learn of Me that I am meek and *humble of Heart*.'

"2nd. You see His humility of Heart in

the words: 'My Heart hath expected misery and reproach.' Habitually He was ready for misery and reproaches. That was His portion.

"3rd. Consequently, when any contradiction came, He was ready for it. It was what He expected. He was *meek*.

"4th. Humility of Heart also made Him very grateful for small acts of kindness, such as the good thief's friendly word, and Magdalen's ointment.

"Again God bless you.

"Yours very truly,

P. GALLWEY."

"God bless you always more and more. That temptation that bothers you is only a trial of the father of lies. He does not at all like your persevering in looking at the text with untiring importunity. The grace will come, and it is the pearl beyond price, but you must pay the price. Our Lord is watching your struggle.

"Pray for me next fortnight. I have very heavy work in Manchester: lecturing."

"God bless you! This is a line to thank you for all your charity and for the good news in your last letter. Fight a good fight.

Our Blessed Lord will be very good to you. Knock and it shall be opened to you. I am mending fast."

(Father Gallwey, with regard to prayer, gives three short rules to those tempted to abandon it : don't omit, don't shorten, don't put off—*prolong*.)

" My dear Child in Christ,

" God bless you ! I think that whenever prayer becomes difficult, the only plan is to *persevere importuning*. This is our Lord's advice. The Devil is always trying to get us (*a*) to omit prayers, (*b*) to shorten them, (*c*) to put them off. We must do the contrary, don't omit, don't shorten, don't put off, but make time and *prolong*.

" A second advice is when distractions set in, or are beginning, begin *at once with words, ejaculations. Don't be idle,* or the distractions will waste the whole time ; but incessantly multiply ejaculations and cry for help, or use suitable texts.

" Yours very truly,

P. GALLWEY."

"God bless you ! 1. Go to our Lord and say : ' My dear Lord, you know that this

is not the first time I behaved badly to you. You have forgiven me worse things and you will forgive me now.'

"2. Then start afresh with your work of self-sacrifice. You will understand better now, that more effort is needed than you thought to continue the office of a victim. The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak."

" God bless you ! You are God's child. The remedy for your troubles is to pray till you are black in the face for the person who causes your troubles. It is an infallible remedy. If you only say five weak ' Hail Marys,' that won't do : but if you persevere vigorously till your face is black, or nearly so, you are sure to win."

"God bless you ! May our Lord and His Holy Mother be specially good to you this Christmas and during the coming year. I am tolerably sure I answered your letter. I always keep unanswered letters on my table till they are answered, and there is no vestige of yours there. I am also tolerably sure that I put my name outside on the envelope. My penmanship is so good, the fairies may have wished to keep a speci-

men of it, and stolen the letter. You may end the year in perfect peace, quite sure that you are what you have always been, a spoiled child. Again God bless you ! "

(A Religious should take the position assigned by Superiors. She may represent her unfitness to be in authority, and then take what is given. " Ask for nothing, refuse nothing," ought to be the rule.)

" My dear Child in Christ,

"God bless you always ! I feel inclined to pray that you may have more troubles so that you may write to me oftener. Your letter makes me smile a little. The Irish nurses say to a child that is crying, ' You will be well before you are twice married.' So I say to you : when you have been two or three times Rev. Mother, you won't think much of your present trouble. . . . Don't disgrace our country by making any opposition to your appointment. At the altar rails you say : *Domine non sum dignus,* and then receive the Sacred Host ; so now, say to God, and to Mother General if you like : ' I am not worthy,' but then take whatever office is committed to you. . . . I can't pity you one bit. I can only ask our

Lord to be very good to you all your days, to remind you constantly that He is very close to you, and to keep you holy till you enter Heaven. After that, you may do as you like, and there is no knowing what a wild Irish girl will attempt even in Heaven. Keep this rule, 'ask for nothing and refuse nothing.'

"Yours very truly,
P. GALLWEY."

"God bless you and all the nuns! Your letter made me wish that I had seen you in London. Our Blessed Lord, who has always been so good to you and your family, chose the exact right time to call away to Heaven your sister and your father. They are safe for ever; and all they wanted were some earnest prayers to get them quick through Purgatory. They, of course, expected you to do this much for them. But now, as you did run wild, go back to our Lord at once as if nothing had happened. He is quite willing to make friends and He won't be very angry with you for being fond of your people. Luckily, He is more fond of them than you are: and preferred to have them in Heaven than to leave them in this beautiful world. For whatever you

may say, even N— is not quite as good as Heaven. Our Lord will forgive you entirely. Good-bye again, God bless you!"

Letter to a Novice.

(In this very striking letter a novice is taught how to pray. She is to keep the thought of God's love before her mind, and to remember that He loves her infinitely more than father and mother, that He has forgiven her sins long ago, and that all He wants now is her love. She is to make colloquies almost through the entire Meditation. He advises some sentence of Scripture, and asks her to suck it, as if it were a lozenge. His own favourite lozenge was "Hallowed be Thy Name." Words are not needed when we are with Him; when we think of our Lord He is proud of it; when in our daily work we turn towards the Tabernacle, He is proud of it. We do not love our prayers, because we do not realize how intensely God loves us, and longs to hear us pray. A bad headache, well borne, is worth ten Meditations.)

" My dear Child in Christ,

" In order to pray well, you must set about it in this way. You must be absolutely convinced that God loves you infinitely more than your parents ; He has died for you, you personally ; He longs for a return of love. He says to you : ' Don't mind your faults, your sins, they are forgiven. I know them all, so you need not tell them to Me ; and I have atoned for them : but I want you to come and visit Me lovingly as My own dear child.'

" Keep this idea of His love for you running through all your prayers and meditations : during the latter make colloquies almost all the time. Take some sentence, *e.g.*, ' Hallowed be Thy Name,' and think of His two names of ' Jesus ' and ' Father.' Then say to Him : ' My Father ! Hallowed be Thy Name ! I want all the novices to love Your Name of Father. May it be fully realized in my respect and let me be Your true child,' &c. Or : ' He loved me and He died for me ' ; or again : ' Father forgive them ' ; or : ' You are indeed the Good Shepherd and I am Your lost sheep,' or anything you like out of the Gospel or elsewhere. Repeat them again and again, use them as lozenges ; get all the good you can out of them. For my part I like, ' Hallowed be Thy Name.' If you

notice, when anyone likes you very much, they also love your name. Should it not be so with us towards Jesus? . . . You say you don't know what to say at times! There is no need for words when you are with Him. He loves you so, that even if you turn your eyes on the Tabernacle, He is proud of it. If you are at work in some other part of the house, and you turn your head towards the Tabernacle, He is proud of it. Your own earthly father loves you very much! Well, suppose you would not go near him because you did not know anything to say to him, would he not say: 'Don't mind that. I don't want you to talk to me, but I want to look at you?' And so it is with our most loving Heavenly Father. He says: 'I know you cannot say grand prayers, but just come and see Me. I love you to come and visit Me.' If you cannot pray, sometimes sit, and, as it were, hold our Lord's Hand. And make use of the sentences from time to time with acts of love and confidence. When your head aches, remember, that if well borne, it is worth ten meditations; for you are then suffering like our Lord in His Crowning with thorns. Always keep before you His great personal love for you, and if you return in some measure, as well as you can, His love for you, you will realize what

is really meant by the words *Delectare in Domino*. If I were staying here, this is what I would keep you up to.

"So now, write down to-day, 'I am to believe that God loves *me personally* infinitely more than father or mother,' and keep this idea before you continually. Introduce it into all your meditations, visits, and all you do, and you will soon love your prayers. We do not take pleasure in them because we do not think we are so intensely loved by Him to whom we pray. We fancy we are not cared for, and this puts a restraint on us. But you must get rid of this idea and try to be our Lord's pet child. He loves you very much; so much that you can have no idea of your value in His eyes on account of all He has done for love of you. Now try this plan and I assure you, if you keep to it, you will love the time of prayer, and go to it joyfully and lovingly; and you will find your visits to Him in the Blessed Sacrament all too short a time to spend with Him who loves you and who died for you.

"Very truly yours in Christ,

P. GALLWEY."

LETTER TO A PROFESSED NUN.

(In his last letter to the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child, he in-

sists in the case of the trained Religious as in that of the novice, on the immense advantage of remembering God's personal love of us. This conviction is never to leave us in prayer or work. Did we realize the full meaning of " He loved *me* and delivered Himself *for me*," we should go mad. He recommends repeating prayers, a practice he found most useful in his own devotions. He lays greater stress on what is done in our ordinary prayer, more still in extra or voluntary prayer than on prayer in retreat.)

" My dear Child in Christ,

"When you run down in the spiritual life, you must not remain down, but quickly run up again. The Devil does not so much care for what He makes you *do;* but what he wants is to make you distrustful of our Lord. . . . Remember the words of Martha and Mary : ' Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick.' They did not say : ' He who loves *Thee*,' but ' whom *Thou* lovest.' So, if I were praying for you, I should say : ' She whom *Thou* lovest,' &c. Our Lord loves *you* most intensely, far, far more than you can realize. He loves you, not for what you have done for

Him, but for what He knows you can become, a child of God. St. Paul tells us that God loved us while we were 'yet in sin'! He did not wait till we turned to Him. No! It was while we were still His enemies that He gave His life for us.

"'He loved *me* and delivered His life for *me*.'

"Take this sentence in three parts: 1. 'He loved *me*.' 2. 'He delivered Himself.' 3. 'For *me*.' Study it. Repeat it over and over again till you believe it firmly, till it penetrates you fully. If we *really* believed it and realized the words in all their full meaning, we should go mad. That a God should so love *us* as to *die* for us! The idea is so great, so wonderful, and yet so true, perfectly true. If we did but supernaturalize our lives more, we should more easily believe God's love for us, His unworthy children. The Devil's great wish is to lessen our belief in God's love and our trust in Him. If we commit some fault, he at once tries to persuade us that we are not fit to go and say our prayers *now;* that we may as well put off our Confession till we are in better dispositions, &c. Don't listen to him, but go to our Lord after *any* or *every* fault. Say: 'Yes, Lord! I have fallen, but YOU, YOU, YOU, YOU can put things right again. If I were *alone*, I might be hopeless; but *You* are here, *You*

will help me, *You* know how weak I am and how I have sinned. Lord, put things right. Don't let me distrust you ; help me, I am sorry. Help me to begin again and forgive my past weakness.' Always remember God's love for you and how He longs to help you, and looks for your trust, and how disappointed He is when you won't trust Him and you won't let Him help you. No matter how unfaithful you may have been at any time, He *longs* for you to turn to Him. *Never* hesitate after a fall, but turn to Him at once. . . . When you arrive home after a journey, if someone tells you that a person who loves you very dearly is upstairs, you do not wait to think of your fatigue, but run up quickly. Well, our Lord is always waiting for you, ever on the look-out for you ; run up to Him then quickly, don't make Him wait. Why should *He* have the last place? The Devil often tries to make us put off our prayers, or abridge them ; this too often means to omit them altogether. No ! Give our Lord the first place : let others wait if necessary. Make this a rule of your life : ' Never cut short a prayer, never put off a prayer, never omit a prayer without a just reason.' . . . When you find difficulty in prayer or meditation, take a sentence, *e.g.*, ' Mother of God, pray for us sinners,' Repeat it, if necessary, the

whole hour, till you are penetrated with it, even for several days if needs be ; worry our Lady till she *must* hear you ; go on until she does, until you get the help you need. I find this repetition of prayer most beneficial. Continue it also during the day (say twenty times morning and afternoon ; or whenever you enter or leave a room, for instance). . . . A retreat helps one very much, but I don't count so much on what is done *then* as on what one does at one's ordinary spiritual duties, and even more at one's ' voluntary ' prayer. Our Lord's heart is so tender. He *loves* to see us coming to Him of our own free will when we are not obliged to do so. . . . After having committed a fault you would not be afraid to come to me ; you would trust me to forgive you, would you not? Well, our Lord forgives *far* more readily and fully than I could ever do ; so you must always banish *any* want of trust in Him and tell Him how sorry you are for having been wanting in His confidence and paining Him by the want of trust. You have your life before you, and I am perfectly certain that you can become a real pet child of our Lord. So you must resolve to grow nearer and dearer to Him every day. He does so love you. Don't disappoint Him.

" Very truly yours in Christ,

P. GALLWEY."

CHAPTER VIII.

Father Gallwey as Novice Master.

In October, 1869, Father Gallwey was taken away from the important work which he was doing in London and appointed Rector and Master of Novices at Manresa House, Rochampton. In those days, more perhaps than at the present time, the care of the novices seemed to overshadow somewhat the duties involved in the general government of the house. Though not quite as numerous then as now, the novices and juniors formed a larger proportion of the whole establishment, and at first sight at all events it would seem that there would be little or nothing to recall of Father Gallwey during this period apart from his work among the young men committed to his training. On the other hand it is not surprising to find on a little closer examination that his zeal and energy have left their

mark, not only on the individuals who were initiated by him into religious life, but on the whole house and Community of which he was Rector.

In the first place the material buildings were considerably enlarged. It was his predecessor, Father Fitzsimon, who had built the greater part of the present domestic chapel, and had added to the original house, which forms the centre block of the whole existing building, the north wing containing what is known as St. Ignatius' Quarters. Father Gallwey added the corresponding wing stretching to the south, and comprising the present library, the Quarters of the English Martyrs and St. Francis Borgia, and the present Juniors' Recreation Room.

It was as Rector, too, that in 1870, when Rome was seized by the Italian Army, and the Roman College was appropriated as a barracks for a portion of the invading force, Father Gallwey offered a home at Manresa to some of the exiled Italian scholastics and their Professors. As many as thirty-eight of the former and four of the latter were before long accommodated, and they remained in their new abode for nearly a

year. Father Gallwey's influence is hardly to be mistaken in the fact that within little more than a month of their arrival the Italian scholastics gave a little entertainment to their entertainers, consisting of songs and of addresses in Latin prose and verse. This no doubt helped them to feel more at home and more welcome to the Community, and such displays of talent were always much encouraged by the Rector. He greatly appreciated any effort made to interest and amuse the Community in this way, and did a great deal to encourage literary or musical talent among younger men. *Séances*, as he called them, of this nature, seemed to give him great pleasure, and he was really an audience in himself as he listened in his intense way, or with that whimsical and genial smile of his, to the serious or witty compositions of the young students or novices.

Among the additions made to the material buildings by Father Gallwey should be included the Long Gallery of the ground floor. The walls of this gallery were literally covered with sacred engravings and prints, which were intended to aid

the imagination of beginners in mental prayer. The method of prayer which Father Gallwey's training tended to promote, can be best understood from a study of his most important book, *The Watches of the Passion*. It corresponds to what St. Ignatius called *Contemplatio* in the book of the Spiritual Exercises, and aims at bringing about the true Christian attitude of mind and heart, the Christian dispositions and affections of the soul, by a great number of observations on the persons themselves and the words and actions of the persons who enter into the mystery and subject of the Exercise. These observations, as made and thrown out, so to say, by Father Gallwey, were very varied, very pointed and striking, often very touching and pathetic. The phrase, "Points for Meditation," had a special application to his method of preparing the subject for mental prayer. He *pointed out*, as with the finger, all sorts of unexpected aspects and illustrations of the matter in hand, and each of these seemed, almost at once, the moment it was presented, to incline the will to some devout desire or sentiment. Sel-

dom was there suggested any formal process of reasoning, calculated to lead in a systematic way to a definite conclusion. The concrete example and illustration was the chief means for arousing the will. If, to take the first sentence of the Foundation Exercise of St. Ignatius, he was proposing for meditation the truth that man is created to praise God, he did not reason from the nature of man and of God, and the meaning of the word *praise;* but immediately the way in which a man praises a person or a thing was brought up before the mind, and it was felt that some similar conduct was the becoming one for a man towards his Maker. A Meditation on Death, as given by Father Gallwey, was more likely to be a contemplation of the administration and reception of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, than any consideration of the shortness and uncertainty of life, or of the nature of death, followed by the conclusions which naturally flow from such considerations. Father Gallwey was apparently very fond of giving points for meditation to his novices; besides the times of retreats or *Triduums,* when he regarded this duty as

part of his office, he not unfrequently gave novenas or even months of such points, and the notes made on these occasions were greatly treasured by some of his hearers.

But it was perhaps in his Exhortations to the novices or to the whole Community that Father Gallwey's gifts found their most wonderful opportunity. In these Exhortations the spiritual life, and in particular, the life of the perfect Jesuit, was presented in the most vivid and winning manner, so that one who was no mean judge said of them, that they were the best examples of true rhetoric that he had ever heard. Not that they were delivered in any lofty style or in flowing periods ; on the contrary, they consisted rather of jerky, and even of seemingly disconnected remarks, shot out in all directions and with every variety of aim and character, the most ludicrous and humorous mingled with the most serious. All sorts of witty sayings and stories entered into these Exhortations, and they were looked forward to with great eagerness and listened to with ever renewed delight. The dangers and deficiencies to be met with in the Jesuit's life were all there, together with

its glorious realities and possibilities. The great motives of *The Spiritual Exercises*, such as the unlimited rights of the Creator, the awful evil of sin, the invitation and example of our Saviour, entered in everywhere ; Holy Scripture furnished innumerable illustrations ; experience gained in college and residence gave point and reality to every warning or advice ; spiritual books were often quoted and even followed sometimes at considerable length, as in a series of exhortations on St. Bernard's twelve degrees of Pride ; but at the same time, everything had passed through his own shrewd and original mind, his deeply spiritual heart, his versatile and humorous imagination. It is to be feared that nothing remains of these most interesting instructions for novices on the Rules and Constitutions of the Society, except the imperfect notes made by some of his listeners. The present writer has had the opportunity of examining some portion of the notes made by the late Father Richard Clarke, S.J., who was a man of over thirty at the time, and certainly far more competent than the great majority of the novices to summarize

efficiently what was delivered at these Exhortations. But even these notes give but a very partial idea of their real beauty. It so happened that Father Clarke heard Father Gallwey treat of some of the Rules a second time, and he was specially impressed by the fact that the treatment was quite different, and seemed to show that Father Gallwey made little or no use of any previous notes, but prepared his instruction afresh, and presented the subject in quite a fresh light.

In the preceding paragraphs something has been said of the three chief general means which Father Gallwey employed to act upon the young men who came under his influence. These were, in short, his Exhortations, his Points for Meditation, and the displays of literary and musical talent, which he encouraged amongst them. Some endeavour must now be made to describe the aim and tendency of the training which he may be said to have inaugurated. For it is not an exaggeration to say that he did inaugurate a new era in the training of the novices of the Society, as, indeed, he may be said to have done of a considerable

portion of the devout Catholics, and more especially of the devout women of his day. He found in possession at the novitiate a system, sound indeed and solid, but a little inelastic and timorous, fearful of departures from rule and precedent, more careful, perhaps, to suppress or curb what is faulty in human nature than to bring out and reinforce what is good. He set himself at once to introduce what he believed to be the main principle of progress in the spiritual life, that of making experiments. You never know what you can do till you try. It is not what you do in common with others that helps you most, though of course you must not neglect common duties ; it is what you do beyond, what is of your own initiative, extra prayer or mortification or work of any kind which really counts. Sanctification is the business of the individual, and cannot be managed in companies under a drill-master, however useful and necessary drill may be in itself. Consequently, the thoughts that one beats out for oneself in meditation, one's own private practices in devotion or self-denial, are to be prized most highly. There is a minimum of regu-

larity and observance to be required of all, but beyond it there are endless varieties of proficiency to which individuals may aspire. Father Gallwey used to say that the difference in holiness between the average Religious and the good layman was not greater than that between Religious themselves. The effect of this teaching, inculcated as it constantly was in all manner of ways, was to encourage in them a sort of enthusiasm and hopefulness which was very marked, especially at the beginning of his time at Manresa. Novices who passed from a former management into his hands, felt as if they breathed a freer atmosphere, and had thrown upon them a greater responsibility, because they were supposed now to act more of themselves, and not merely to conform to a routine. Formerly the points of meditation were read out by one of the novices for all from an appointed book; now when the Rector did not propose them, every one made them for himself out of a book, which he chose with the approval of his Superior, though it was considered better still if a novice could prepare his meditation directly from

the Gospels, or even the Epistles of St. Paul. And in other ways changes came in of similar tendency.

Yet this enterprising, energetic spirit of his, disdainful almost of conventions, ever ready to welcome new methods, was quite compatible with an immense admiration for the past of the Society, and a keen desire to know all that could be gleaned about the details of the lives and circumstances of its great Fathers, and even of his own immediate predecessors. He used to tell his novices that whenever they were lucky enough to come across an old Father who had lived with the Founders of the restored English Province, they should pick his brains. His idea seemed to be that the early days of the Society were more spacious and generous than our own, simpler in thought and deed, and that a return to them in affection and aspiration as far as possible, could do nothing but good. On the other hand, he often dwelt on the disadvantages which the English Jesuits had lain under for so many years by reason of their practical confinement to the north of the country. However good the type thus

formed, it must suffer from its very individuality, and be less fully fitted to win its way into the national mind and heart. For this reason he gladly welcomed novices who came to Manresa from non-Jesuit Catholic colleges, or " from the world," as the phrase was, that is, not directly from any school, or as converts from Protestantism. He saw in them, particularly in converts from the Universities, the promise of that wider influence which Catholics were destined soon to exercise on their fellow-countrymen. It was in view of this that he so noted and encouraged signs of exceptional ability in younger men, and left nothing undone to develop them, taking little account of seniority or custom, or even of the imputation of partiality which is so easily made. It was not his way when he had before him a worthy object to let himself be turned aside by what he would have considered small matters at best. In truth, his plans, like his own physical nature and his mind, were built on a large scale. He left nothing out of the range of his hopes. He wanted his novices to be saints of course, but also scholars, orators, and men of affairs. The

juniors also, namely those who had passed out of the noviceship, and their studies were near to his heart. As often as he could spare the time he was present at their exhibitions, and always either praised or blamed according to their deserts. In their sermons he took a special interest, and used to send them to London churches, where some distinguished preacher was announced, and even to the Houses of Parliament to hear some famous orator.

As was remarked in the beginning of this chapter, Father Gallwey came to Manresa immediately after having been Rector of the residence in Farm Street, London. The natural result was that a good many visitors came out to see him, and one of the noticeable features of his time at the novitiate, was the frequent appearance of fashionable equipages in the courtyard of the otherwise very quiet establishment. No doubt such visitors did, as a matter of fact, occupy a good deal of the Rector's time, but it may be safely said that neither the Community in general, nor any novice in particular, ever felt that Father Gallwey's interests were rather elsewhere than at

home. All through his life he had a wonderful power of giving his whole thought and attention to the person with whom he was actually concerned, and of letting each feel that he was the object of special care and affection. None ever felt this more sensibly than his novices. Each seemed everything to him for the moment, so it was not surprising that he seemed everything to them. Hence the dismay with which the announcement of his departure from Manresa was received ; some of the more difficult subjects among the novices were almost in despair : " Nobody will ever understand me as he did," was the lament of more than one. There was something very tender in his kindness and care of the novices. In all that concerned their food, exercise, and sleep he was most vigilant. He was in truth all to each, and yet with the result that each realized the better how truly he was loved individually by the divine Master and Friend, to whom the whole aim of Father Gallwey's training was to guide and bring each one whom he directed. If a certain portion of his time had necessarily to be given to those who came from a distance to

see and consult him, he made up, we may say, for this, by seldom leaving home himself. His place was rarely vacant in the refectory or chapel, and at the appointed times he was nearly always to be found in his room to receive the visits of his novices. These visits were usually short, even at the more formal times of spiritual direction; but he learnt a great deal about a person in a short time, and what he said himself was very much to the point, and evidently not vague theory, but the outcome of experience and prayer. He occupied a very poor and inconvenient room, the one which now belongs to the Brother who acts as manuductor, as he is called, to the novices. Except for a very small window in one corner, the light was merely borrowed from the gallery outside, and to anyone who entered the room Father Gallwey seemed always to be in semi-darkness. The bed was usually so covered with papers and other articles as to leave some doubt in the minds of many whether it was at all regularly used for resting in. He kept the fasts very strictly, and from his general movements one could hardly help concluding that in-

struments of penance, of one kind or another, were in frequent and almost continuous use. He seemed to have a great fondness for the devotional little domestic chapel, and spent a good deal of time there, especially over the Divine Office and the Rosary. He never seemed to be watching the novices, but he knew their characters well, and often arranged little opportunities of testing their inclinations and tendencies. Under his training, as we have seen, more was left to individual choice than had been customary, or than was always approved of by other Fathers of the Province. It was feared that too critical, reforming and independent a spirit might be the outcome of his methods ; on the other hand, no one could have insisted more than he did on the necessity of embracing humiliations as the only path to humility ; and the humiliations he most recommended were those involved in a Jesuit's obligation to be entirely subject and candid in regard to his Superiors. He certainly taught as much by his example as by precept. He was revered for his holiness, and it was felt that he practised all that he preached. His extraordinary self-

control was a perpetual object-lesson. One could not fail to see that he was naturally a man of quick temper, but to his novices he was meekness and gentleness itself. Again, the *larmes à la voix* sometimes choked his utterance. He seemed ashamed of betraying his feelings in this way, and would pause till his voice came back to him. No doubt there was an individuality about all Father Gallwey's methods that left a very marked impression upon youthful minds and as yet unformed dispositions ; he was so different from others under whose authority they were likely to be placed later on, and at the same time was regarded with so much affection and admiration, that the transition from his government to that of others was not always easy and natural. It was, perhaps, especially difficult in the case of those for whom this transition took place, in the middle of the noviceship itself. Father Gallwey filled the post of Master of Novices for less than four years ; in July, 1873, he was appointed Provincial of the English Province of the Society, and left Manresa amid much lamentation on the part of the novices and to the great regret of the whole Community.

CHAPTER IX.

A Giver of Retreats.

If we suppose at starting the wish of Father Gallwey to be respected, that no regular life of him should be written, then we may assume, that among the illustrative chapters of this Memorial, he would have been passively tolerant of a sketch that should serve as some account of his long career in the unobtrusive, unchallenging office of conducting retreats, whether for religious communities or for assemblages of lay persons. On this subject some clearness may be gained by exhibiting the characteristics, rather roughly as regards sharpness of the divisions, under the three heads of discipline, doctrines delivered, and the methodical quality of his work.

I.

As regards discipline we must begin from the fact that he was severe with him-

self. He rose early after going late to bed : at times it was inferred that he had not been to bed at all : for which neglect Nature used at times to compensate herself in his unintended "naps" by day. He always secured to himself a free hour for his own morning meditation, which he might be seen on many occasions making in the Chapel. After Mass and Thanksgiving, he still had Divine Office to recite. For this also he was mindful to make due provision in his time-table. As a busy Rector at Farm Street Church, which he did so much to make efficient in the early years of its growth, in order to render recital of Office safe, he used to take refuge in the Chapel, from which it was known that he was not to be summoned unless to answer a call of more than common urgency. He was then not at home to casual visitors. The care for himself in his spiritual interests and the disregard for himself in his temporal conveniences, marked Father Gallwey's career throughout. He gave as a reason for wearing a mackintosh that it was like charity, covering a multitude of sins in his poor, outworn garments. Hence he could preach

self-sacrifice to others for charity's sake. He liked to take occasion, when addressing the Sisters of Charity, to remind them that they were by name also what other Sisters were by office, imitators of Christ in self-renunciation for the good of others. He did all he could to deprecate the existence of a comfort-seeking Religious, who had too little care of duty towards neighbours, or had a zeal limited to the requirements of duty alone.

And now as regards his dealings with others who put themselves under him for a retreat. It must not be forgotten that he had for his first disciples, out of the ranks of the laity, a raw material, in the sense that the exercise was new to them, and in their case, silence, recollection, regular hours, obedience to the sound of bells, meals in common, and other like practices had for the large part not fallen within their experience. On the other hand, Father Gallwey, at the time, was fresh from the habit of using strong control as Prefect of Studies at Stonyhurst, where his energy had stirred up great emulation among the boys to outdo one another in mental contests,

which were conducted in the several school-rooms, and in the more general gathering of the separate schools and of their teachers. He was also physically a large, strong-built man, dark in aspect and full of vigour, not yet tamed by old age. When such a man found in a house of retreat candidates who could not be made amenable, he dismissed them to their homes. One lady who left him wrote an account of his personality and procedures for a newspaper to amuse Society. As regards those who persevered in the purpose of their coming, he was very vigilant. He kept a sharp eye on their behaviour himself, and got others to help him in preventing the irregularities of a few from injuring not only themselves but also their associates. His ideal was to see each exercitant daily, at least for two or three minutes, to inquire how their efforts were succeeding, and to put some pressure upon them that they should make a genuine effort. St. Ignatius provides for the individual surveillance and direction while he guards against its excesses. At the same time, the practice is one that varies much in its advisability and its degree with

the persons of the retreat-givers and of the retreat-makers. Souls in such a matter cannot be treated all alike by an iron rule. Trained Religious normally require less guidance from without than those accustomed only to life in the world, who are trying, for a short season, to adopt the life of the cloister.

Father Gallwey's love for taking people in hand is shown also in his correspondence. He invites one whom he meets for the first time to continue the relationship. When she writes to him he thanks her and begs for more frequent letters. He informs her how much he wishes to put her through the Spiritual Exercises, and when she had gone through these, and by repetition had grown familiar with them, she stated how clearly she recognized in them the sources whence her Director had all along been drawing the principles of her guidance. So to take souls in charge argued in Father Gallwey no morbid love of domineering in the inmost recesses of spiritual life, though there is such a morbidity. His was a real desire to do his priestly function, and therefore he did not shrink from the many

exactions upon one who has many clients, some of whom are sure at times to be troublesome.

On the other hand, Father Gallwey was very far indeed from the delusion that he alone should be active while the others were passive receivers. He insisted much on personal endeavour and initiative, and on the private action of the Holy Ghost within the recesses of the soul, which no human hand could touch. He steadily refused to make the meditations at length for his hearers: he dismissed them often, after about half an hour, to fill up for themselves three-quarters by pondering on the points which he had suggested. Also he liked them to raise discussions, for which purpose he set up a Question Box, in which they might deposit written inquiries. Occasionally he would imitate the newspapers that wrote letters to themselves in order the more effectually to ventilate an opinion, or call attention to neglected topics.

But his love of initiative did not so far relax his discipline as to induce him to depart from the text-book of the Exercises as it had been constructed by St. Ignatius

with so many agonies, groans, tears, prayers, conflicts with self and with Satan, and inspirations from God. By his position as a Jesuit, Father Gallwey held himself pledged to his appointed book. It had not, indeed, all the inflexibility of the public liturgy as it now binds the Church, when it is no longer allowed in the Mass for "prophets to give thanks as much as they like" (Didache x. 7), and "presidents as much as they can" (Justin Apol. i. 66). But it does not prescribe an important order in the course of the spiritual training or drill, which could not be disregarded without loss. The loss is felt by those accustomed to a progressive march along definite roads to definite goals, when they hear a retreat from the mouth of one who, perhaps, has a good collection of miscellaneous sermons, and delivers passages from these by a selection that lacks a unifying principle. He would not have asked all directors of a retreat to use the book of St. Ignatius; but he would have urgently advised all to follow some well-calculated plan, while for himself he considered that no substantial varia-

tion of plan was permissible under his obligation to be loyal to his own position and to his avowed undertaking, when he presented himself as a Jesuit.

Father Gallwey was keenly alive to one objection made against the Ignatian Exercises and the method of Meditation as expounded by a recent General of the Order. The whole system, as systematic, may seem killing to that mysticism which is nowadays so much in favour. Once a young student of his Order asked his counsel on this point; and the reply, probably adapted to the needs of the inquirer who would not abuse it, signified that an over-done settlement beforehand of the exact line of thought to be undeviatingly pursued, "tied the hands of the Holy Ghost." The golden mean here consists in pre-arrangement of the course with such a subsequent following of it as in practice is found most profitable. It is never the recommendable thing to say, "I have so much matter to travel through, and before the end of the hour I must get through it all." Such a policy would be directly in contradiction to the rules of the Exercise book, which pre-

scribes a stay upon any thought so long as it is found most fruitful. "Not an abundance of knowledge, but the interior feeling and taste of heavenly things are what satisfy the desires of the soul." So we read in the preliminary annotation, number 2; and the next number tells how the affections of the will are especially to be valued as that which the understanding is meant to arouse, and how they are to be elicited with a more reverent attention than is required by the discourse of reason which leads up to the affections. Father Gallwey was too faithful a follower of his book to neglect such instructions, the wisdom of which he fully appreciated, while he was moved also by obedience to his institute as an authority for him in his position.

II.

From what has been said, the next point, namely, that of the doctrines delivered in retreat by Father Gallwey, is settled in general: but in particular his teaching has yet to be illustrated. This will have to be done very summarily. Perhaps one best

and sufficient example for the purpose will be his treatment of the queen of virtues, Christian and religious charity, a great subject in the Exercises. Let it stand for a sample of the rest of his teachings.[1]

In the first place on this matter he did what perhaps it becomes harder and harder to do as our times grow more delicate. The difficulty may be put crudely by the fable of the fine lady, who objected to sermons directly enforcing the ten commandments,

[1] His favourite meditations are told us by a good authority, a Religious of the Sacred Heart, who attended his Retreats before and after her entrance into Religion. "There were some meditations," she writes, "which stood out as peculiarly his own, The Presentation in the Temple, when the commentary on the waiting of Holy Simeon, and the *Nunc Dimittis* gathered meaning from his advancing years; and those on the Passion, in which his deep feeling sometimes overmastered him and the long pauses said even more than his words. Others were given incisively, the Meditation on the Two Standards and the Three Classes. There was no escape from conclusions, but they were always the same year after year. The Exercitants knew what they came for and his particular way of adapting means to the end. When the time of the Election came, he was perhaps more lavish than ever, advising, considering, and revising decisions and resolutions and projects; and then, fearing lest any one should think the work was done before the crown was set upon it, he redoubled his insistence upon the importance of the last meditation. The final explanation of the '*Sume et suscipe*' were those, perhaps, in which he most clearly 'let himself go.' He was often very joyful on the last day of the Retreat, as if he had been consoled by God or seen already some good fruit of his work."

because, as she protested, "they were so offensively personal." Pedagogic rules warn us against being too direct and didactic in trying to teach virtue to boys and girls, who are to be got at rather indirectly and casually. Father Gallwey was bolder. He would address a religious community as straight as ever he could by painting pictures and conducting dialogues to illustrate even the worst possibilities among an association wherein nothing very bad was to be supposed. He would graphically depict the workings out of prejudices, incompatibilities, envies, delusions, rivalries, retaliations, unforgivenesses, caprices, irrationalities and strange wilfulnesses or contrarinesses. No doubt his established reputation enabled him to say what others could not; whose danger therefore is lest they confine themselves to ineffectual speech, because they fear that any local colour will act like red on the eye of a bull. Such beating the air is nowadays, by some and in some degree, practised and almost exacted. Father Gallwey thought that a religious community should be so master over its sensitiveness to the appearance of a

slur on its character as to listen humbly, patiently and good-humouredly to some of his pungent descriptions of at least possible scenes of discord, which he did not declare to be actualities among themselves. The negative work of combating such faults he called " coming down the hill of uncharitableness."

In looking over such notes as are left by listeners, severally in distinct quarters, to Father Gallwey in retreats, one might almost think there was something fanatical or some undue fixity of an idea, in the insistence on charity, so uniform are the memoranda gathered from various convents in recording exhortations on this head. His hyperboles and grotesquenesses were in part meant to show that he was not actually scolding known offenders. He seemed to say : " Your life is angelic and yet not purely angelic ; a liability to failures from perfect love of one another is rooted in your bodily temperament. Well, use your common frailties here as a motive to endure trials one from another, such mutual irritations as the diseases of the flesh make more or less inevitable. Re-

member the word of the penitent thief on the cross: We deserve to suffer these things, He does not." The name of this repentant malefactor was constantly on his lips, both in his playful and in his most serious moods. It may have been under some influence from him that one candidate in a nunnery, who certainly had stolen nothing, had a desire which was not carried into effect, to take the name of Sister Dismas, the traditional name of the "Good thief," as we do not fear to call him by a verbal catachresis. Again, in view of the fact that religious life cannot be wholly a heaven on earth, but must present some trials from the failure of perfect charity, Father Gallwey recalled that it was a marriage state expressly of the soul with Christ; and that, therefore, it must be taken "for better and worse." A Religious must be ready in a minor degree to bear what many married couples have to bear in sore distress, so sore that several non-Christian reformers are calling out loudly for a dissoluble marriage to relieve the dreadful tension between tempers grown incompatible. Personal attachment to Christ, the spouse throughout

all trials, is the lesson deep in the minds of many who listened to Father Gallwey.

The religious bride should desire no such divorce, but rather should cling the closer to Christ when relations are strained between brothers or sisters. After all, the religious community is not, as some describe the social contract of civil government, a compact of all the citizens mutually one with another: the compact is with God. The religious marriage is with Christ, and He at least is guilty of no offence; therefore to Him Religious should always adhere most closely, as to the One who, for their example, while doing no iniquity, suffered injuries the most outrageous. Hence it was by deepest devotion to the Passion, his favourite subject, that Father Gallwey opposed a remedy to the strain and stress of discordant minds in the same house of God. Here he repeated his remedy, given against some of the intensest difficulties or disgusts which may occur, namely, continuously maintained prayer. For every great conquest the Cross was his weapon. Therewith offences were to be wiped out. His own horror at giving offence made him seek

sedulously to ingratiate himself with any person whom his severity of manner had frightened or alienated during retreats.

The figure of descent from the mount of uncharitableness he often used in the way above described; and he completed it by an account of the ascent up the hill of positive charitableness, after passing through the valley of cold, gloomy indifference. In either case he thought it cowardice to make regard for susceptibilities the primary rule of his speech.

Among positive acts of charity, Father Gallwey's insistence on almsgiving, which was made sometimes even with the vehemence of exaggeration, was well-known to his friends. Speaking to vow-bound Religious, who had no money to give, he declared that their alms must be spiritual, such as he conceived to have been the compassion shown by the penitent thief to the innocent Sufferer on the middle cross. Applying the fundamental meditation on the use of creatures, he made it a point of charity to do good to every person whom one met while trying to derive for oneself a good influence in return. It was to be

a give-and-take of edification. This is a very different idea from the notion that one might get to Heaven very well if it were not for other persons with whom one is thrown into contact and has to deal; that individually one is well-intentioned, but those around us will not let one's natural goodness have fair play and expansion.

Where the audience consisted of persons who had money at their disposal, then for some of this also he begged, and begged importunately, and for generous measures. He knew much distress in the world because the distressed appealed to his well-known charity. His tender compassion was for the poor who were ashamed to beg because they had been brought up to wealth; for those whose temptation was to sacrifice their faith or their purity for money from scoundrels; for those who had not the clothing in which they dared to face their acquaintances; for those who seemed to give fair promise if only they could receive the education that suited their vocation; for charitable institutions whose work was crippled by want of means, and whose directors groaned under a crushing weight

of contracted debts; for missions or churches that were similarly distressed; for casual beggar-people who seemed to have some desert, or who needed assistance in spite of their undeservingness. He bade donors remember their own undeservingness and repeat often, "If Thou, O Lord, wilt mark iniquities, who shall endure it?" "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." We should help also those whose offence has not been against ourselves.

Probably few survive now to remember a signal effort of Father Gallwey's earliest days in London, when by his indomitable energy and the influence which his character gained for him over the purses of the rich, a severe test of moral strength, he got together a large sum of money for general charities. One of his lay friends felt bitter disappointment that the organizer of the fund had not the distribution of it; that was taken by higher ecclesiastical authorities more representative of the diocese at large. Father Gallwey was willing to give up his personal consideration here, and remained content with the important and drudge-like

part of the work which God had allowed and inspired him to perform. Also on the several other occasions he organized funds for various good works as they occurred to be done; and he was ready to give help in the matter of charitable bazaars, which are often the last toilsome resort of institutions in desperate need of material means whereby to pursue spiritual ends.

In these charitable works, Father Gallwey was no merely mundane philanthropist; with his preaching of alms-deeds went that of prayer and fasting and the driving out of devils. His urgency of prayer was intense. In view of apparent insuperabilities, such as that of forgiving a deeply-felt offence, he would say: "Pray till you are black in the face, pray in the suppliant attitude of the kneeler, and before the Blessed Sacrament."

Thus, briefly, upon the single subject of charity, Father Gallwey's presentment of doctrine in retreats has been sketched; his other teachings were delivered in the like spirit.

III.

Of Father Gallwey's method no small part was his policy to sacrifice method to practical results ; moreover, characteristically he could hardly have adapted himself to the precision of a French *littérateur*. On a more literary estimate of his writings we should have to signalize here a defect. Often he preferred to throw out short, disconnected suggestions, such as may be seen in his *Watches of the Passion*, which many readers have found very helpful in spite of its disjointedness. His favourite name for his detached maxims was "lozenges" ; frequently he would inquire, "Well! What lozenge did you pick out to suck?"

The like unmethodical policy appeared in his very free adaptation of Scripture by what is called the "accommodated sense," for which we have some warrant in the use of the Old Testament by the New and much warrant in the early Fathers. While travelling in the train, where continuous reading would not have been easy, especially to his failing eyesight, he would carry his Bible with him, and busy himself with the

twists and turns he could give to passages, with no intention of doing violence to the literal sense in its own supreme place. He would take the accounts of the strong-minded, strong-willed mistress of the household in the Book of Proverbs and apply it to Superiors in quite different positions, or even to persons in no position of authority. He would take the exclamation from the pleasant experience of the Transfiguration, and apply it to the painful Crucifixion, making the penitent thief say, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." He had a well-remembered application of the hopes expressed by the two disciples on the road to Emmaus as they told Christ, whom they did not recognize, what they had expected of Him and had not found. Their *Sperabamus* became quite a watchword in relation to any profitably disappointed forecasts, and it would be said resignedly, "Oh, that was only a *Sperabamus* of ours."

In his method of retreat to excite interest Father Gallwey would use whatever little *industriae*, as spiritual writers say, he could prudently command. The same had been his way also as supervisor of schools, where

he would apply what he knew of music and painting to illustrate or dignify the prosaic lessons of the boys. He collected anecdotes, vivid or amusing descriptions, made-up incidents or sayings, to which he added much from his own original invention, which was not a small power. Thereby he was not seeking a vain reputation for wit and comicality, although the comic often appeared, occasionally when he wanted to smooth over a roughness or a too great sensibility of his own to the touching things which he had to propose for meditation. The Passion was a subject which often overpowered him beyond what he was willing to display of feeling. His freedom from vanity was seen in the unblushing way in which he told over and over again the same stories, when he thought them serviceable. To him an " old chestnut " was as good as a novelty in jokes. In the same spirit he would reiterate his points of meditation, so that, especially in his later years, some of his devotees, when starting for retreat, knew as well what they were going to hear as they knew the Epistle and the Gospel when they went to Mass. His

method and his defiance of method alike looked to the good of souls, and were respectively employed, as he considered their contribution to that end to be best adapted.

Short as the account thus rendered of Father Gallwey's retreats has been, it may serve as some memorial that in this field of spiritual culture he was an indefatigable worker, who in his many days of priestly life, did thereby a great work for the good of souls, cleansing some from sin and helping others on the upward path of perfection. So to have worked, and to have left living monuments in the souls of men and women is better than to have left behind carefully written meditations, creditable from a literary point of view, and indicating the scholarly, accurate, orderly, comprehensive mind, human excellences which Father Gallwey obviously had neglected. In his rather rough-and-tumble manner he poured out the matter of his retreats, anxious only to sanctify souls, and sometimes stern in his deadly earnestness. But against the severe aspect was set his manifest side of deep tenderness, which often showed itself in irrepressible tears or in the

gentle words that followed after the hard utterances or reproofs. He once said humbly, "You are going to give a retreat in such and such a place: try there to undo my blunders." His mistakes of zeal, and his earnestness to repair them with a humiliation to himself, were all parts of an heroic character, tireless in the service of God, to which he was devoted by vows. In his toil he sought and found no adequate repayment on earth: to him it has not been said, "Amen, I say to thee thou hast received thy reward."

At the cost and with the gain of repetition, we may take from a single source what above has been gathered from several. The leading characteristics already mentioned as marking Father Gallwey's retreats are well illustrated in his letters to a lady who had not yet had that spiritual drill. He often tells her how anxious he is that she should go through the course of discipline. From its lessons he answers her repeated questions as to what she should do with her great love for natural scenery: she is to use it and not abuse it: to sanctify it and not leave it a merely mundane taste; abstin-

ence is to temper its enjoyment : nature, in some way lost by sin, has been bought back for us by Christ's Blood, which has elevated it, and even made it supernaturally sacramental. The human heart, like nature, has its seasons, moods, alternations of storm and sunshine : the Exercises give rules for conduct under these vicissitudes. As in retreat, he would daily see his exercitants, so he repeatedly urges his correspondent to write him constant letters, telling how she is faring, especially what she says in prayer to God, and what God says to her. On this latter and often neglected point of God's voice he insists and answers a question as to his meaning. For example, God sometimes says : " Suffer and give up pleasure," and that voice is liable to be passed by or to be unheard. But he deprecates a life much mortified, too, which may do mischief : for instance, refusal to the body of sufficient food, sleep and exercise. Patience is urged : a good example of it is waiting till the Blessed Sacrament from being a trial to young faith, becomes the daily enjoyment of the hungry soul that has patiently merited an appetite for its savour.

Faith, however, is helped out by sight: lantern slides, showing pictorially the career of saints, are mentioned as having proved very effective. By whatever means acquired, piety must not remain at home: it must be missionary, apostolic, seeking to spread itself to others.

This summary of the correspondence may now be illustrated by quotations: "Your paper on *accende lumen sensibus* and your enjoyment of nature make me wish to take you through St. Ignatius' Exercises. I think you would learn there how far you can go and when to stop." "The Exercises make it quite plain that before we can use activities to advantage we must begin by learning how to abstain from them. When once we learn how to command ourselves thoroughly, God gives us the grace to see beyond the surface of the creatures to the things that they picture to us." "You are right enough. The coming of Christ has in a certain sense raised up all creation. His presence has sanctified the earth." "I cannot tell you how much your letters and your papers comfort me, and how much

I wish that I could answer them more quickly, and receive them oftener." "Tell me how much you sleep. I wish much to prevent indiscretion which might injure your health." "Fishing is admirable exercise for your purpose. You are alone, and you have a little distraction for your mind, but not much. I only wonder how, with your heart for creation, you can bring yourself to kill a fish." "Do not shorten sleep and get plenty of exercise, but I fear you are too bold on horse-back. It would not be a proper *finale* for you to die out hunting, but if savages were to kill and eat you as a Christian I should not mind." "Desolation is as necessary as winter and clouds: without them you will never arrive at your destination." "It is rather hard for you at your early stage to take in the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament; but the day will come when it will be the joy of your life." "I am very anxious that you should become holy and helpful to others." "In the day when the Lord will take entire possession of His child, then for His sake you will find yourself compelled to speak of Him to others." All these points are enforced with

reference to the Spiritual Exercises which the correspondent at the time had not made. "I wish much to take you through St. Ignatius' Exercises." "If I give the retreat at Roehampton I hope you will make a bold effort to attend it." "I wish very much to guide you through the Exercises of St. Ignatius. I hope our Lord will give me this consolation." Here is shown the zeal which ended in the retreat given and the religious life embraced. He did not here work upon such material as a convent might spontaneously present him, either of its own members or of lay persons assembled in the world: it was a case not uncommon to him. For when he came across, by apparent hazard, a soul that he thought could profit by a retreat, he set to work actively to bring that soul under the influence of holy retirement and meditation. Thus he added labour to the labours of the confessional, a tribunal which, when crowded, suggests the greatest expedition compatible with the validity of the sacrament. He wanted not merely quantity of penitents, but also quality: and therefore he would be prodigal of time over an indivi-

dual when he had hope of choice fruit. His own words, just quoted, were verified in his own case after a manner truly noteworthy: "In the day when our Lord will take entire possession of His child, then you will find yourself compelled to speak of Him to others." The compulsion is to speak in a variety of tongues, and for Father Gallwey it was in the tongue of his Exercise Book. In that also he found, as we see in this special correspondence, the rules for choosing a state of life, that matter so very important and often so little or so ill considered. He had the keenest sense of the recklessness with which many determine on a career, or have it determined for them by parents who are worldly and without due idea of responsibility in so grave a consideration. His interest in the correspondent, whose case has been chosen to illustrate our subject, turned largely on this point: how to bring her to the position which God wished her to occupy, even though it might negative what previously had been in view. The matter is momentous enough to furnish the last word in this brief outline of Father Gall-

wey's labours, not only in retreat-giving, but also in bringing people into retreat, and causing it to act as the determinant of their whole career. By God's grace he persuaded many to live and die by these soundest principles, which he himself enforced by his own signal example.

CHAPTER X.

His Published Works.

Father Gallwey as a Writer.

I.

THE influence which Father Gallwey exercised over those who knew him personally was extraordinarily great, as those readily admit who had the privilege of being instructed by him in all that concerns the dealing of the soul with God. It was not merely that one felt that he was in communication with an exceptionally strong and independent character, or with a very highly-gifted man : it was his earnest saintliness, his keen realization of the things of faith, his sympathy and irrepressible kindliness which told and which produced such a deep impression. His friends were his friends for life, and after. When Father Gallwey was in the full vigour of his man-

hood, no man, woman, or child (and his sympathies extended to all) with whom he was brought into contact, could fail to be influenced by him.

As a preacher his influence though great was more restricted, and much of his magnetic influence was lost. His style of preaching did not commend itself to all. It is true that he attracted large audiences and was heard with close attention, but some were offended by what they called his "fierce aggressiveness," by his flashes of scornful humour which sometimes seemed misplaced and ill-timed, by exaggerated claims upon the generosity of his hearers, by a plainness of statement which bordered on the grotesque. To such he seemed unsympathetic and harsh. Closer personal intimacy would have dissipated these false impressions, but the opportunity for closer intimacy was denied to the majority of his hearers.

What influence will Father Gallwey exercise as an author? He was not a voluminous writer. Besides the sermons which he published, and his *Lectures on Ritualism*, he has written no really important work ex-

cept *The Watches of the Passion*. As a writer he must be judged by this work ; and it is fortunate that it is so. Of the value of this book there can be but one opinion amongst English-speaking Catholics. It sums up in its two volumes the results of fifty years' almost daily meditation on the sufferings of Christ. It represents the main study of his life, and as such is an ascetical work of the highest value. It will be read and re-read by thousands of holy souls who in religious life or in the world are striving after a greater knowledge and greater love of Christ crucified. To those who knew Father Gallwey and who listened to his retreats and exhortations it is his voice, still sounding. To those who did not know him it is a revelation of a singularly holy and beautiful soul.

It is hard to speak in criticism of such a book. To some it will seem scrappy, disconnected, jerky, and unfinished. Scripture phrases, uniformly printed in italics, break up the continuity of the style. Pious traditions, historical facts, archæological details, questions of harmonistic arrangement are all mingled together in a manner

most confusing to one who expects an orderly straightforward narrative of events. But Father Gallwey did not intend to give a narrative of events or an orderly commentary. In his own original way he wished to present scenes and details of the Passion as they had presented themselves to his own glowing mind in countless contemplations. It is a book for meditation rather than for continuous reading; notes for a retreat rather than a series of connected discourses; a storehouse of facts and thoughts and illustrations and pious fancies rather than a carefully collated literary production. That this was clearly the design of the author is sufficiently indicated by the title, *The "Watches" of the Passion*. Let us take a few examples. In the second Night Watch he deals with the Agony in the Garden.

"Is His Blessed Mother in the Grotto when the drops of Blood are trickling down upon the ground? Writers on the Sacred Passion take it for granted that she is not. They argue from ancient custom, that like other virtuous women, she would not walk abroad after

dark. This reasoning, however, is not conclusive. For are there not at times exceptions, even to prudent and wholesome rules? Our Blessed Lady, walking upon earth, is a quite exceptional and most unearthly work of God. She stands alone, the Blessed one among the women whom Eve had deprived of blessedness. She is the Lily among the thorns; the Immaculate among sinners; the Fleece plentifully bedewed with the graces of Heaven, when all around is parched and dried up. So that, had she gone with her Divine Son to the Garden, in this point also she would have been an exception to ordinary rules.

"She is the Most Prudent of Virgins, oh yes! but heavenly and Divine prudence soars high above human prudence, and becomes merged in the folly of the Cross. Who so prudent as her Son Jesus? Yet where was human prudence when He betrayed Himself and all His rights, and became Surety for us sinners?

"She is the Prudent Virgin; but her prudence, like her Divine Son's prudence, knows that there is a time to remain hidden and a time to walk abroad. So that, had she gone with her Divine Son to the Garden, as has been said, she would have been an exception to ordinary rule.

"Holy women, it is argued, shrink

from being abroad at night; and yet, the night was very far spent, and the day was very near its dawning, when Judith, who was a holy woman, and the chaste type of the Virgin Mother, passed through the city gate and went down the hill *clothed with the garments of her gladness, and sandals on her feet,* taking *her bracelets and lilies and earlets and rings with* her and *decked with all her ornaments* (c. x.).

" She was a holy woman, very holy, but because she was holy, she understood from above that the time of peace has its rules, and the fierce battle has other rules.

" As Holy Mary is the second Eve, and as it stands in God's primeval decree that she is to share largely in the second great conflict with Lucifer, which is begun to-night; and as it is written in the very beginning of the prophecy that the enmities are to be between her and the serpent, it would be passing strange if she is to have no prominent share in the night-watches of the Passion.

" The fact, moreover, that the Garden belonged to her might render it probable that she could be there, and still sufficiently sheltered and retired.

" A well-known modern painter represents her as watching through the window of her apartment in Jerusalem the return

of her Divine Son from Gethsemani. The holy Fra Angelico, on the other hand, in one of his paintings, places her in the Garden near the sleeping disciples.

" The Abbess Mary of Jesus (*d'Agreda*), according to the account she gives of her visions, sees our Blessed Lady in Jerusalem following in spirit every step and every movement of our Lord in the Garden. As He has three disciples with Him, so she has Magdalen and two other devout women. When He goes into the Grotto, she retires alone into her chamber, and prays in union with Him and shares all His Agony. When He visits His disciples, she goes to her three companions to encourage them to pray.

" This account harmonizes with the common opinion that she is not, in body, present in the Garden, and also satisfies the mind of those who think that the second Eve must have had her full share in every stage of the Sacred Passion.

" It seems repugnant to think that there was any scene of the great conflict in which the woman, the Blessed among women, the second Eve did not take her part. *Can I hide from Abraham what I am about to do?*"

The above passage gives an idea of the minute investigation which Father Gallwey

devotes to every portion of his subject. One other extract may be given, from the Second Station of the Third Watch of the Day, as quite characteristic of the writer's style and manner :

"*At the ninth hour Jesus cried out with a loud voice, Eloi, Eloi, lamma sabacthani;* which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me? (St. Mark xv. 34.)

"A. *With a loud voice.*

"Louder far and more wonderful than this cry at Bethany, which reached Lazarus in his grave ! One of the countless miracles of the Sacred Passion is this, that Jesus, worn out, quite exhausted, faint and parched, helpless and prostrate, can utter this loud cry, '*Laboravi clamans,* with effort and labour I cried out : for *My jaws are become hoarse, My eyes have failed, whilst I hope in my God* (Psalm lxviii.) . . . *De Profundis clamavi*—Out of the depths of My sorrowing Heart, and with all the energy of My loving Heart, I have cried.'

"For *love is strong as death,* and much stronger. *The many waters* that *are come in to His Soul cannot quench charity, neither can the floods drown it* (Cant. viii.)

"B. *With a loud voice.*

" *The voice of the Lord* (*is*) *upon the waters: the God of Majesty hath thundered: the Lord is upon many waters. The voice of the Lord is in power: the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord shall break the cedars of Lebanon, and reduce them to pieces* (Psalm xxviii.).

" Under the canopy of darkness this cry of our Saviour travels over the heads of the vast crowd, and is heard by everyone ; and passes across the deep fosse around the walls into the silent streets of the city. More even than the mysterious darkness, it spreads awe and consternation.

" When He spoke gently last night in the Garden, and said in humble meekness, *I am He:* who was able to stand it?

" *Attendite*. Pause then to contemplate for a while the trouble and dismay awakened now by this loud cry from the Cross, in the souls of all who have rejected our Saviour ; and most of all, in the Rulers and Ancients, who have planned and *meditated vain things against the Lord and against His Christ.—The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars*. These strong-minded men are terror-stricken and appalled. *Destruction and unhappiness in their ways, and the way of peace they have not known* (Psalm xiii.). For *the way of peace* is to follow Jesus : to love Jesus, to keep close to Jesus.

The eye of the Lord is on them that fear Him.

" Though He will not save Himself on Calvary, He can save all who trust in Him. *He is their powerful Protector, and strong stay; a defence from the heat, and a cover from the sun at noon. A preservation from stumbling, and a help from falling. He raiseth up the soul, and enlighteneth the eyes, and giveth health and light and blessing* (Ecclus. xxxiv.). These unhappy men are among those who *have not called upon the Lord; there have they trembled with fear, where there is no fear* (Psalm xiii.). This loud, strong cry fills them with the fear that after all Jesus is not going to die, for He has all His life within Him still. He may, they think, in this darkness, be coming down from His Cross to strike His enemies and deliver the people from their yoke. *We fools! what hath pride profited us?*

" From those, O Lord, who resist Thy right hand, keep us as the apple of Thy eye (Psalm xvi.).

" From anger, hatred, and all ill-will, deliver us, O Lord."

There is no straining after effect in these passages. Simplicity and conspicuous sincerity are the characteristics of his style.

As he saw and felt he wishes others also to see and feel. His one wish is to drive the lesson home. Father Gallwey was a great devotional worker in the best and truest sense of that much-abused word. His familiarity with the Sacred Text is such that he uses it almost unconsciously, nor does he hesitate to employ it even when the words in the context are spoken in altogether a different meaning. Some critics no doubt will object to this, and there are some few cases in which Father Gallwey seems to have lessened rather than increased the effect intended by allusions to incongruous ideas suggested by the Old Testament language he employs. But still he has abundant authority for the use that he makes of Scripture in an applied sense, both in the liturgy of the Church and the writings of devout authors from the earliest days unto our own : and many allusions and expressions which would seem extravagant to some may prove useful and serviceable to others.

II.

Father Gallwey's published sermons are, to many of those who heard him preach, something of a disappointment. He seemed to say so much more than the printed words convey, which is only another way of saying that he was a sacred orator rather than a writer. As an author his most striking characteristics would seem to be absolute originality of thought and diction, a straightforwardness of utterance which he took no pains to disguise, and fearlessness as to any consequences which might follow, provided only that his Master's cause was served.

We come now to his printed sermons. The best known of these are the funeral discourses preached by him on various occasions, which are now collected in one volume under the somewhat peculiar and striking title, *Salvage from the Wreck*. This book contains sermons preached at the funerals of the following distinguished persons: Sir Charles Tempest, the Hon. Charles Langdale, S.J. (with an appendix on Sir Edward Vavasour and Lady Stour-

ton), George W. Cunninghame (with an appendix on Margaret Mary Cunninghame), Cecil, Marchioness of Lothian, Prince Louis Napoleon, Mother Magdalen, O.S.F., Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Charles Weld, William Joseph Middelton, Robert Caddell, Eliza Katharine Devas and Joseph Weld. The second edition of the book (1903) contains also the discourse preached at Hadzor over the remains of Mrs. Theodore Galton; and centenary sermons, preached at Stonyhurst, July 25, 1894, and at New Hall, July 5, 1898.

It is hardly possible for anyone even remotely connected with the subject of any of these sermons to read them unmoved. There is a tender pathos running through them, a sincerity of sympathy, an ever present realization of what death means to a Catholic, which renders them exquisitely touching. With peculiar delicacy and judgment Father Gallwey singles out the particular trait of character in his friend, on which those who stand about the bier would most willingly linger at that moment, —and this without the slightest suspicion of exaggeration or flattery. He meditates on

these traits of character, weighs them, as it were, in God's sight, in a manner that is all his own, striving meanwhile to bring home a lesson to his hearers, and above all, never omitting in the true spirit of Catholic piety to beg their prayers for the departed soul. That this last point of prayer for the dead was in his mind long after the mourners had departed and the grave had closed, is evident from the little word of exhortation he adds at the end of nearly all these printed discourses. "Kind reader, pray for his soul and the souls of all the Faithful departed." And in the sermon preached at the funeral of Sir Charles Tempest, the same lesson, or one kindred to it, is powerfully inculcated :

"And here, brethren, let me, before going further, call attention to the hope which we derive, when thinking of the fate of departed friends, from the doctrine delivered to us concerning purgatory. It is an ancient belief. How many long centuries have rolled away since the old Jewish chronicler penned the words : 'It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins!' Our fathers

believed, and handed down to us this creed. But, brethren, a large number of those around us, from the training of their childhood, are accustomed to consider the notion of a purgatory as a cruel fiction. Yet I would ask any thoughtful person amongst us who has watched in sorrow by a death-bed ; I would ask the mother, the wife, the father, the husband, the child ; and I would ask you, my reverend brethren, who so often have anxiously to watch the dying man as you have to answer for his soul—if we were obliged to believe that the instant the heart of man beats no more the soul must either be pure enough to enter Heaven or must perish eternally, which of us could face a death-scene? If we are to form an opinion at all, how often in our lives are we so blest as to find our dying friend prepared for his passage so thoroughly, that our firm conviction is that his soul is without wrinkle and without stain? And with what courage should we lie down ourselves, were we bound to believe that at the instant of death we must either be spotless and owe nothing to God's justice, or else perish forever? Happily this is not the faith that has come down to us. We believe as our fathers believed, that Almighty God, in his great mercy, wishing that none may perish, and

seeing how forgetful and improvident man is while busy here on earth, has appointed a time after death when the Christian can sin no more, but can do penance for sins committed. This is our faith and our hope."

In this same sermon there is a passage which, whilst it illustrates very clearly the preacher's piety and affection, brings out also his uncompromising honesty of utterance.

"If then, when you ask me, 'Where is he?' you speak of his mortal body, which remains in our keeping; if your meaning is, Where shall his place be; where shall his grave be made? I answer at once, there where a Christian's consecrated body ought to lie, near to the altar of Jesus Christ. Anointed and consecrated when life begins, anointed and made pure and holy when life is drawing to a close, a Christian's body should rest near the tabernacle. For the tabernacle, if it be the dwelling-place of the Son of God amongst men, from whence as from the sun in the firmament, a stream of light and warmth pours forth upon our lifetime, so also may we say that it is the coffin and the grave in which we bury the Body of our Lord in the

midst of his departed servants. See what a narrow prison it is, brethren! Straiter and more humble than the coffin we prepare for man, the tabernacle ought to reconcile a Christian to the narrowness of his own coffin and the silence of his grave. Let him then lie near to the tabernacle, underneath that altar which he built to the honour of his God, so that even in death his silent lips may seem to utter the Christian's hope, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth; and in the last day I am to rise again out of the earth, and in my flesh I shall see my God. Laid up in my bosom is this my hope.' There then, brethren, let his body sleep, near to Him who is 'the first-born from the dead.'

"But as we know that the body is not the Christian man, the question is not answered, 'Where is he?' Where is the soul that cannot die, that cannot sleep? We cannot set this question aside. What then is the answer, brethren? What answer can we give, except by turning to the altar and saying to our Lord, as the prophet said of old: 'O Lord God, Thou knowest'? We know nothing of the secrets of Thy judgment seat. On which side the tree fell we know not. 'O Lord God, Thou knowest.' I am aware, brethren, that it is almost a fashion and received usage in this country,

at the death-bed, as soon as the last gasp is drawn, to lift one's eyes for a moment and say: 'Tis well, 'tis well; he is gone to God.' We give the verdict flippantly. It is the established form; it is a cheap word that costs nothing, means nothing, does nothing, and is worth nothing. It is a phrase that will serve for saint or sinner. Ecclesiastes tells us that men used words in this way in his time. 'I saw,' he says, 'the wicked buried; who also, when they were yet living, were praised in the city as men of just works': and then he adds, 'This also is vanity.' Is it not, brethren, a vanity, a hollow emptiness, a very heartless parting word, to say with our lips: 'He is gone to God,' and so leave the dead man to his doom, whatever it may be. I am sure that you will not when death comes, be willing that your friend should say over you: 'He is gone to God: he was a man of just works,' and then forget you."

The sermon preached at the Dirge in Farm Street Church in memory of Cecil, Marchioness of Lothian, who died in Rome, has a very striking passage on the joyousness of a Catholic life.

"What is your evidence? Was her life melancholy? Had she more dull days than

her contemporaries? Had she not, to say the least, a good average of sunny hours? Or rather, if we are to speak the full truth, was not her life characterized by joyousness and buoyancy of heart? Was there not in her soul a cheerfulness and serenity that spread itself among her companions and attracted the young to her, and made her so much at home among children when sharing their preparations for some festival day? And is it not owing to this charm of her cheerfulness, and to the happiness it diffused around, that now we so often hear the words: 'Her place is empty; who can fill it?' . . It is only now, when death makes revelations, and things hidden come to light, and friends interchange their thoughts and observations, that we become alive to the fact that we have had before our eyes a very striking instance of the way in which that triumphant grace of Jesus Christ, which gives to innocent children the maturity, the dignity, the majesty of venerable old age, can also teach those advanced in age and high in honour how to become like to Christ's little ones of whom 'is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

The sermon on Lady Herries preached at Everingham on December 4, 1883, and on Lady Georgiana Fullerton at the Sacred

Heart Convent Chapel at Roehampton on January 23, 1885, are both remarkable, and contain many passages of unquestionable interest and beauty, but we pass on to speak of one of Father Gallwey's funeral discourses which, from the circumstances of the case, excited the widest interest and which is also, in our view, the most beautiful and striking of any of his printed sermons.

The sermon in memory of Prince Louis Napoleon, the young Woolwich cadet, who met his death under such painful circumstances in the Zulu War of 1879, whilst fighting under the British flag, was preached at Farm Street on July 3rd. The young prince had petitioned for active service to escape, as he said, from the idle frivolity of a worldly life, and to be of use. He was a Catholic through and through, and in his last will and testament, written, it would almost seem, under the influence of a premonition of his early death, occur the words : " I die in the Catholic, Apostolic Roman faith. I hope that my mother will cherish towards me, when I shall be no more, affectionate remembrance such as I

shall ever retain for her till my last moment. I shall die with a feeling of deep gratitude to her Majesty the Queen of England, and to all the Royal Family, and to the country where I have met with such cordial hospitality. Of my arms and uniform, the last that I shall have worn, I leave to my mother." Amongst his papers were found a prayer in French, composed by himself for his own use, in which he offers himself unreservedly to God, and in exchange begs the gift of an unswerving faith: he asks for direction and for strength: *O mon Dieu, montrez-moi toujours où se trouve mon devoir: donnez-moi la force de l'accomplir en toute occasion.* To such a one Father Gallwey's heart went out. He takes for his text the portion of the seventh chapter of St. Luke, which deals with the miracle worked upon the son of the widow of Naim.

"It was not by chance that our dear Lord arrived at the gates of Naim as this funeral was coming out. He had planned the meeting from eternity. Neither was it for the sake of those only that followed the bier that He was there. His divine Heart was ranging far beyond the

limits of that hour and far beyond the borders of that one city. All time was present to Him, and every land, and all the generations of men, and each man's home. The maize-field of Africa, and the mourning chamber in Kent, were as much before His all-seeing eye as the gates of that town of Galilee. And for the wounded body of the young Prince, and the crushed spirit of his bereaved and august mother, the Divine Heart was planning as much as for the dead who lay upon the bier and the widowed mourner who followed it. . . . There is not a holy Christian death-bed, there is not a hallowed funeral at which our Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ does not assist, even as He stood by the bier at Naim. Whenever and wherever one of His servants is called away from the world, He is there. Even though no visible minister of His be present to do His Office, Jesus Himself is there in time to anoint the parting soul, and to give it Viaticum for the long journey."

After this consoling thought, so beautifully expressed, the mind of the preacher is with the poor, mangled body.

"You that are in charge," he says, "of the mangled body of the young soldier, with its seventeen wounds upon it, go and bear

it to Mount Calvary, and lay it down there beside the Body of Jesus, and the Son of holy Mary. What do you find? Have you not wound for wound, and many over? Go, too, and find the disconsolate mother, and lead her silently to Calvary, and set her beside the Mother already there, and say: Which of the two is the bruised heart, lonely and crushed, bowed down and desolate? In the sinless Mother, as in the Divine Son, death has done its worst; but death is entirely conquered. And since that hour, from the dead Body of Jesus, and from the agonized heart of His Blessed Mother, a virtue is ever coming forth to anoint and soothe the wound that death inflicts, whether on the one that is called away, or in the aching hearts of those who are left behind."

There is another passage of great force and sustained eloquence, which we should like to quote, in which the preacher shows how Christian death is but a passing sleep, but we must pass on to the concluding portion of the discourse, in which Father Gallwey returns to his old lesson, that we must pray.

"And now, brethren, there is one lesson more which his lips would teach if

he might raise himself on his bier and speak to us. He would say: My mother and my friends, you weep and are anguished because you were not by me when I fell, to bathe my brow, to fan my cheek, to moisten my lips, to turn my couch for me. But all this, and more—oh! how much more! you can do for me now. My friends, 'have pity on me, have pity on me,' remember me at the altar. Your prayers, your tears, your alms, joined to the Holy Mysteries, can purify and refresh my poor soul in its needs."

Father Gallwey was not an ideal writer. His style, both in the *Watches of the Passion* and his printed sermons, is uneven, the transitions too abrupt. His brilliant imagery is sometimes inept, occasionally bizarre. But what more than compensates for these slight flaws are his virility of thought and utterance, his uncompromising straightforwardness, his absolute sincerity of purpose. Like the great modern artist, whose representations of the Sacred Passion Father Gallwey so much admired, his word-painting produces in the mind a noble, vivid and true picture; it is only when we study details that the small defects appear.

CHAPTER XI.

Father Gallwey as a Controversialist.

ANOTHER side of Father Gallwey's literary activity is represented by the *Lectures on Ritualism*, which he delivered in the church at Farm Street, and afterwards published in 1878. Another side, and yet not altogether another side, for the inspiring motive of all that he ever wrote was the zeal for souls which dominated his entire personality. Still, the matter of his *Salvage from the Wreck* and of his *Watches of the Passion* was directly spiritual, whereas that of the *Lectures on Ritualism* was, in the better sense of the word, controversial. A prejudice against these lectures, which to some extent destroyed their utility, was evoked, or rather occasioned, by a feature in their style, which was quickly set down to undue levity of tone in dealing with a peculiarly sacred subject. There was,

perhaps, some pretext for this charge, for at times Father Gallwey let loose his native humour in a way that could not be but irritating to the victims of his banter. It was one of his shortcomings that he did not always perceive how out of place is humour of this sort when directed against persons who are in deadly earnest, especially when these, as the outcome of long years of close intimacy, are held in affectionate respect and veneration by the very persons he was seeking to convince of the fallacies of their religious position. Still his banter was invariably genial, and employed only with the object of casting a clear and forcible light on the incongruities of the positions taken up by some of the Ritualists. Anything like controversial bitterness or intentional unfairness was altogether foreign to his nature, as all who knew him intimately can testify, and many passages in these lectures demonstrate. But his intense realization of the spiritual loss sustained by souls who are kept out of the Church, and lose the aid of its guiding truths and saving sacraments, made him chafe under the hopeless fallacies to which at the last moment Anglican

Directors so commonly resort, to hold back former penitents who have become convinced on all fundamental points of the truth of Catholicism.

It is this which determines the character of his *Lectures on Ritualism*. It is now a quarter of a century since they were delivered, but what moved Father Gallwey to deliver them was the circumstances that, as a London priest, he was brought into constant relations with inquirers, who were being plied with these specious pretexts for holding back when God was calling them into His Church ; and priests and others of the present generation who are faced by the like experience, may still find their profit in resorting to the bright pages and solid arguments of these two little volumes.

" It has often been observed," he says in his short Preface, " during the last twenty-five years how, among those who belong to this [High Church] section of the Church of England, certain phrases have become the fashion for the time, and passed current as good arguments, and been used with much energy by the Anglican Clergy

to deter waverers from joining the Catholic Church. I allude to such phrases as these: 'Will you abandon the Church of your Baptism? Surely you cannot forsake your sick mother in the hour of her need. You have all the means of grace in the Anglo-Catholic branch of the Church of Christ. What more do you want than true Sacraments and Apostolic Succession? Observe the signs of life in our Anglo-Catholic Branch—the sanctity of our clergy, the revival, the Catholic spirit. Who can doubt our Sacraments? our Orders? One cannot help feeling that our Clergy are true priests?' "

The book is addressed not directly to the Anglican clergy who advance these theories, or even to the waverers who are liable to be influenced by them, but to the Catholic laity who, if they know how to use them, have more frequent opportunities than have their priests of giving correct explanations to perplexed Anglican friends.

" I have two objects," he says to his immediate hearers, " in bringing this subject before you; the first is to move you to take an interest in the movement that is going on in this country—which for convenience sake I will designate by its popular name as the

Ritualistic movement—in order that you may help with your prayers all who are seeking for truth ; and the second is to induce you to instruct yourselves carefully on all the points of dogma which are brought into prominence by this movement, so that you may not by want of knowledge put any bar in the way of inquirers who may come across your path, but on the contrary, may be able, by saying the right word in season, to prove 'an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame.' "

The first volume contains eight Lectures, in each of which some one of the fallacies enumerated in the passage quoted from the Preface is made the occasion for elucidating a fundamental principle of Catholic teaching. Thus, in reply to the question whether the blessing of God is on Ritualism, and whether the reputed holiness of Anglican directors is to be regarded as a sign that it is, Father Gallwey takes occasion to explain the essential difference between submitting to the authority of the Church and submitting to that of some individual minister, together with the absurdity of accepting a man's real or reputed holiness as proof of his authority, when the doctrinal

programme he prescribes to his congregation is completely at variance with that of his Nonconformist, or even his Anglican neighbours—who, if reputed holiness is such, can show just as good titles as he, in attestation of their spiritual authority. Father Cuthbert " is, they say, a good and holy man, and we are safe in following him ! Pope, Bishops, and Councils, the early and the living Church, have all faded out of sight, and nothing remains but our Lord and His Prophet, Father Cuthbert, or his curate as the case may be." And he goes on, quite in his own style, to contrast the spirit, so opposite to the spirit of faith in the early Church, which this method of grouping round individual clergymen and party leaders engenders.

" As a curious illustration of the absence of the spirit of faith even among those Anglicans who proclaim themselves to be thoroughly Catholic, I will cite [he says] from an Instruction printed recently by a Ritualistic clergyman [namely, in the *Penitents' Manual*] to teach his flock how to profit by sermons, the following few words : ' If you hear anything spoken against the faith in the pulpit try to bear it patiently.' This

counsel would startle a Greek or Latin theologian of the old times, for, if there was anything that roused them to put in practice the Psalmist's precept, 'Be angry and sin not,' it was a heresy; and a heresy in the pulpit especially would have all the power of electricity on their spiritual nerves. The counsel, therefore, that a zealous pastor would have given in those days would be diametrically opposite to what we have here: it would be: 'be meek, yes, and humble of heart like your Master; but if you hear anything spoken against the faith, more especially in the pulpit, do not bear it patiently; denounce the preacher at once to Holy Church. . . .' This meekness and patience, which is to be maintained in presence of the heresies preached from Anglican pulpits, will appear more clearly in its true character if we contrast this piece of advice with another given by the same clergyman a few pages further on in the same popular volume. For having put the question: 'How are you to treat the Roman Catholics?' he gives this answer: 'Refuse to enter into or listen to any controversy with them. Simply and firmly decline to listen or argue.' Now here, you observe, we have something that looks like the action of faith in the ancient Catholic saints. This language smacks of St. Paul's

trenchant warning-word, ' A man that is a heretic avoid ' ; ' Beware of dogs,' &c. And St. John's peremptory injunction, ' Say not to him, God speed you.' So that in presence of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church the Ritualist leaders sound the alarm, set their watches, and arm at all points against attack, just as the Apostles would have the Church do in the presence of the unseen wicked spirits, or their heretical agents on earth : ' Whom resist ye strong in the faith. . . .' But for the heresies of the Established Church, whose name is legion, there must be more indulgence. When you hear one or more of them preached from the pulpit try and bear it patiently."

This long extract may be permitted as affording a good specimen of Father Gallwey's method of exposition, of its incisiveness and originality. In the Fourth Lecture he discusses the claim of the Ritualists to be accounted Catholics, not Protestants, and points out, and proves by reference to history, how the essential feature in Catholicism is the distinction between its organized clergy forming in all ages, by continuous succession, a living Church, under the perpetual guidance of the Holy Spirit,

and its faithful laity, who owe and render a willing submission to the teaching of this living voice; and the essential feature of Ritualism is, on the contrary, the rejection of this living voice, on the plea that it ceased to exist many centuries ago on the outbreak of the Photian Schism, with the practical result of fastening on the general body of the laity the duty of implicit submission to the doctrinal vagaries of their respective pastors. In the Fifth Lecture, Father Gallwey takes up the root question of the Scripture evidence for the Supremacy of St. Peter. In the Sixth, he starts from the implicit obedience which Anglican directors were wont in those days, as indeed to a lesser extent they are still, to exact from their penitents, on the plea that they stand to them in the place of Christ; he asks on what grounds can such a claim be substantiated. In reply, after postulating that at best their titles can be secure only if it can be shown that these clergymen adhere faithfully to the system of Church constitution brought over by St. Augustine and made the basis of the English Sacerdotal succession, he expounds, with copious

extracts from the Letters of St. Gregory the Great, the beliefs of that Pontiff as to the authority of his See, and contrasts them with those of the Ritualists. The last two Lectures of the first volume pursue this comparison between primitive Christian and modern Anglican beliefs into the fifth century, with special reference to the dealings of St. Leo the Great with the Council of Chalcedon, and those of St. Celestine with the Council of Ephesus. Too often, in the treatment of these episodes of early Church history in their bearing on Papal Supremacy, Catholic books have lost in convincing force by cutting down such quotations overmuch. Father Gallwey does not hesitate to quote at great length, and thereby to make the strength of his conclusions duly felt.

The second volume, which consists of four Lectures, is occupied entirely with the familiar Ritualist contention that there can be no need for Anglicans to go over to Rome, inasmuch as they have all the means of grace accessible to them in their own Church. Here the assumption is that, provided the Orders of the Anglican Church

are valid, nothing else of consequence for salvation is required. Father Gallwey, of course, begins by disputing this assumption and insisting on the guilt of schism; also on the necessity, even for the valid administration of the Sacrament of Penance, of the confessor being possessed of valid jurisdiction over the penitent—a point which he takes up again in his final chapter on "The Ritualistic Clergy in the Confessional," and discusses minutely. But what is the evidence that Anglican Orders are valid? It is well known how fond the Ritualists are of resting their claim to validity on the sole test of experience. "Our Sacraments are real, because nothing but real Sacraments could make me feel as I do." This is a mode of argument with which it is as hard to deal as with that of the extreme Low Churchman or Evangelical Nonconformist who tells you "he is quite happy because he has within him an assurance that he is of the number of the elect." In fact, says Father Gallwey, "to the inward assurance of the Evangelical, the happy feelings of the Ritualist which prove the truth of his Sacraments are cousins-german." Or

again, the Communion Service is periodically celebrated in the Baptist Chapel by a minister who does not even pretend to be more than a layman. The Ritualist is therefore certain that the simple-minded Baptist, who participates in this rite, however convinced that he has been fed by the Body and Blood of our Lord, does not really receive it. Yet he goes away happy and light-hearted in the firm assurance that grace has come to him. If these similar devotional feelings attend the Ritualist's communions at the hands of his own clergy, how can the evidence of these feelings prove more to him? And this all the more because the distinction between the action of grace on the soul *ex opere operato* and *ex opere operantis* furnishes a perfect explanation of all such assurances of grace, experienced in the hours of his intercourse with God, as the devout Ritualist or the devout Nonconformist can appeal to. It is thus that Father Gallwey disposes of this cherished Ritualistic theory, adding, it must be acknowledged, one of those parables, as he calls it, of a marriage ceremony felt at the time to be truly sacramental, but after-

wards legally proved to be invalid, which, though effective enough in bringing out his meaning, was calculated to irritate when the aim should have been to conciliate.

But to decide on the question of Anglican Orders we must, proceeds Father Gallwey, enter upon an historical study, and look for "facts" and "proofs that will satisfy legal minds." On this he passes to a systematic study of the question of these Orders, which runs through some two hundred and fifty pages. The subject has been frequently treated by other pens, which have gone into it more deeply. Moreover, it has passed into a new stage through the publication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ* of 1896, which concentrated attention on the most fundamental vice in these Orders, namely, that inherent in the "form" invented by the framers of the Edwardine Ordinal, a form quite inadequate to signify the Order to be conveyed, either by its accepted name or a true description of its grace and power. Father Gallwey, writing at an earlier date, could not profit by the new documents which the Commission of 1896 brought to light and the Bull cited,

but his account of the different points is painstaking and accurate except that he somewhat misses the true proportion in point of gravity between the different arguments. He is, however, particularly good on the historical question of the character and significance of the Lambeth Consecration of 1558, a question which has by no means been discredited either by the Bull of 1896 or by the general opinion of Catholic students, though it has lost much of its importance through the argument from the character of the rite being now defined by the highest authority of the Church as of itself sufficient to determine the absolute nullity of these Orders.

CHAPTER XII.

The Last Sickness and Death.

A MEMBER of Father Gallwey's family described him as gifted with a cast iron constitution. Without it he could not have laboured as he did for many years. He strained his constitution to the utmost, and amongst hard-working men he was conspicuous by his unflagging zeal and industry. Off and on during the last ten years of his life he suffered from various infirmities, amongst these a cataract in the eye, which, with the necessary operation, must have taxed severely his frame. About fifteen months before he died the members of the Mount Street Community noticed a marked change. Rheumatism showed itself in the left leg, the spine was bent, and the large massive head drooped wearily on the chest. We saw that he was failing. He, who once was the life of our after-

dinner recreation, was often silent and depressed, and though he was observant of all that went on around, it was evident that the old go was wanting, and that he could not be with us for long. He was still found in his confessional, never missed his daily Mass, saw friends in the parlour, wrote letters constantly, and took his turn in the pulpit. The voice lost none of its music or freshness though the end was approaching. Strangers saw a wearied and bent form dragging itself slowly along from the sacristy to the pulpit, and wondered how one so feeble could possibly preach a sermon. He revived in the pulpit. The voice was surprisingly strong, the clenched hand would fall with something of his old energy on the well-worn Bible, his constant companion, as the old man hammered in the solemn truths, or quoted the familiar, much loved texts. On July 29, 1906, he preached his last sermon in Farm Street, and the same evening left for Dublin to preach at the Clothing of a Nun, accompanied by the Brother Infirmarian, who nursed him so affectionately in the last illness.

He bore the journey well, his solace in

the train was the Rosary, which never left his hand. Marked attention was paid him on board the steamer, and especially by the Captain, who knew him from other days. All were anxious to promote the comfort of the venerable Priest. Nothing would induce him, weak though he was, to break the fast, and he said Mass in Gardiner Street Church the morning of his arrival in Dublin.

Ireland brightened him up. There was no place he loved so much. He always enjoyed the warm welcome of his friends on his visits to the land of his birth, was enamoured of Irish scenery and music, and above all things, prized the living faith of the inhabitants. Throughout life he was invited there for sermons and retreats, and between professional engagements sometimes had a short holiday.

I referred to his love of Irish music. He was specially fond of the melodies. Here, as in other matters, he had his own strong views, and would not allow that the melodies were improved by harmony. He told me once that he could not help crying as he listened to the blind children singing

them in the Asylum, Merrion, near Dublin. Though he had much sympathy with the wrongs of the people, on the great political question of the day he was never heard to express an opinion. It seemed strange, that to the country he loved so deeply he should have returned soon before his death to preach his last sermon on earth. To a Jesuit Father who remarked that he must be pleased to make one more visit to Ireland, he observed that nearly all his old friends were now dead, and that his visit was very different from what former ones had been.

The day of his arrival in Dublin he visited the Convent of the Poor Clares, St. Damian's, and saw the Religious at whose Clothing he was to preach. His old humour did not desert him on his journey to the Convent. On reaching the Convent door, he asked the driver the amount of the fare. "Sure, I'll lave it to your Reverence," was the answer. "Then if you leave it to me," said Father Gallwey, "I say sixpence." Needless to say, the driver received a substantial *pour boire*. A Jesuit Father present at the Profession writes: "Though Father Gallwey was rather infirm and had

to be assisted by me in mounting and descending the steps of the altar, he delivered his discourse with much of his old fire and all his old unction. He sat during it, turning sideways so that the nuns behind the altar might hear what he said." And now we offer the account, possibly very imperfect, of his last discourse on this earth, as printed in a Dublin newspaper.

Father Gallwey said: "They had now added one more convent to the many already existing in Catholic Dublin. They were aware that in France the convents had been proscribed, and banished as useless, and worse than useless—as criminal; but, thank God, St. Patrick had not allowed that demoniac madness to come into Ireland. There was no land where the Gospel of Christ was more adhered to than in Ireland. What was the Gospel of Christ? Our Blessed Lord, as they knew, on the first Good Friday, fought a great battle with Lucifer, but the battle did not end that day, for it was to go on to the end of time. Our Lord was to go on to the end of the world earning the name of Jesus—Saviour—while working for the redemption of man. When the angels rebelled He used Angels to overthrow them, and afterwards, when

the fallen angels attacked Adam and Eve, our Lord determined to fight the second great battle with the aid of men and women in order to humble Lucifer more. The task of our Lord was a gigantic one, and he wanted the aid of a large army of workers. He wanted men and women of all classes and conditions to join with Him in carrying out His great work. He foresaw that if men and women had to earn their bread they could only give Him their spare hours. Therefore it was that He made the covenant that if anyone will leave house, home, lands, and possessions, and devote himself entirely to God's work, God would take care of his maintenance. It was one of the wonders of Christianity that they saw numbers of men and women who had responded to the call of Christ. The Holy Church had a large body of workers in the shape of monks and nuns, and to those workers the promise was given that for the sacrifices they had made, they would be repaid a hundredfold. Then the question was asked, Why talk about the poverty of nuns and religious if they are to have a return hundredfold? But the poverty referred to by Christ was not the squalid poverty which prevailed in the slums of the cities of England and Ireland. The poverty which now existed in parts of England—the wretched,

degrading poverty—was not the will of God, but was the result of great vice. The poverty of the Gospel was a moderate poverty, a bearable poverty, and our Lord promised that those who became poor for His sake shall have a sufficiency for all their wants. Then the question was asked, Where is the poverty? Well, every single nun who joined the Order made a vow to be poor through life, and there would never be a single day when she had a penny of her own. She was like the pauper in the workhouse, who was given food and clothes; but at the same time our Lord had undertaken that Religious would have enough for their daily wants as long as they lived. But about the 'hundredfold.' God, of course, never intended that anyone who left something in the world would have a hundred times more in the shape of luxury in the convent life. Suppose a lady left home; she left one home to find in the Order that she had selected a home in every part of the world—there was no princess or duchess who had so many homes as a nun. She was welcomed in all places, and if she parted with two or three sisters in the world, she had a legion of sisters to work with her gladly all the days of her life. There were," the Father said, "a great number of persons, even outside the Church, who were

enthusiastic about convents in their work for the poor. There was a body of people in the world nowadays who called themselves philanthropists, and who professed to be the champions of the poor, and the masters with regard to charity, and they had the idea that the poor had claims of their own entirely distinct from God. They believed in alms given direct to the poor, but they had nothing but contempt for alms given direct to God. They joined in the cry Judas raised when Magdalen poured some precious ointment on the Body of our Lord. 'What is this waste for,' he said, 'why was not this money given to the poor?' St. John had told them that Judas had no care at all for the poor. We are not," the preacher said, " bound to pour out our hearts to the poor because they belonged to what is called the human race—their real claim is that they are the children who were redeemed by Jesus Christ. Our Lord had said that if alms were given to one little one in His Name He would treat it as if it were given direct to Him. In the Old Testament the Jews were building houses for themselves, and they would not build a temple for God, and our Lord said, in effect, 'Very well, you will see what will happen.' They had to remember that God did require alms for Himself while ex-

pecting that the ordinary alms should be given to the poor. He required alms in the shape of churches, pulpits and chalices in order to carry on the work of salvation, for if He was rich in Heaven He was poor in this world. With regard to alms, there were different degrees. Some people gave out of their superfluity, others gave what they might not immediately require for their own wants, and others gave all they possessed. There was no greater form of alms than ministering to the sick, and they were sweet in the sight of God. Fasting and praying for the souls of those who were dead was another great form of alms practised by the enclosed Orders.

" Let me now say a few words about this Convent. It was a new one in more senses than one. First of all the Convent was a new one, and it was a new kind of religious Order compared with those which already existed in Dublin. It was the rule of the Community to live on what they got and trust in God, whose daughters they were, for more on the morrow. Before the coming of our Lord the whole world was filled by men and women who were full of inclinations towards bodily sensuality, and although our Saviour had changed that to a great degree, it still existed to a wide extent. If they passed through the streets they

would see on every side evidence of the fact that men and women were using all their intellect and energy to find more luxuries for the body. They knew when death came their minds would change much on that subject, because when Dives died and begged most earnestly for a little drop of water to cool his burning tongue, the answer was: 'No; remember you had your good things on earth; you had your heaven there, and you cannot have it twice over.' It was far better to listen to our Lord's injunction to deny themselves; for then they would have their Heaven in the world that was to come, which had no end, while the present life was only a fleeting dream. The nuns of that Order made it a point to diminish the comforts of life, and in this way the life of the nuns was a perpetual lesson which, if followed, would mean that when death came they would have the comfort of hearing the words, 'When I was hungry you gave Me to eat, when I was naked you clothed Me, what you did for My little ones you did for Me—come you blessed of My Father, possess ye the Kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world.'

"The Priest previously quoted says that the last words, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess ye the Kingdom prepared

for you from the beginning of the world,' were most impressively uttered, as the preacher looked towards Heaven. In his last interview with the Religious, he warned her of the gravity of the step she was taking and of the irrevocable nature of the sacrifice. 'He was, however, quite satisfied,' thus writes the Father previously alluded to, 'after seeing her cheerful face for the last time that he had advised her well.' As we drove away he said, 'Did you notice how peaceful and happy she looked?'"

Though he only spent two or three days in Ireland, the improvement in health and spirits was wonderful. The Brother Infirmarian urged him to stay a week or two longer. The strong will asserted itself, and the sense of duty called him to the Provincial Congregation at Stonyhurst. It met to elect Deputies for the general Congregation which chose Father Wernz General of the Society. The fatigue of the journey to Stonyhurst probably hastened the end of his valuable life.

He broke the journey at Rhyl and stayed at the Jesuit Mission. Whatever was the cause, a change for the worse became at once apparent. He lost more than he

gained from Irish air and Irish hospitality. On August 6, 1906, he arrived at Clitheroe *en route* for Stonyhurst. It was pitiful to see him guided across the rails, as he passed from one platform to another, leaning heavily on the arm of a railway porter. He could barely walk, the large frame was almost bent in two. We drove in the same cab to Stonyhurst. Provincial Congregations meet at stated intervals to discuss matters connected with the Province. Latin is used at the Sessions, a language which Father Gallwey spoke easily and correctly. He was always a welcome figure at these meetings. His age, experience, merits, holiness, conspicuous services to his Order, secured weight and attention to his opinions. They were always given with the utmost frankness. His judgment was ever independent, and he urged warmly and vehemently what he conceived ought to be done in the shape of addition and correction and improvement. There never could be any doubt as to what he meant.

At the last Provincial Congregation the familiar voice was silent ; wit and repartee were heard no more. Father Gallwey was

a wreck. At the Sessions he hardly ever said a word; during recreation he kept to his room; the Fathers saw little of him. When the Congregation had concluded its work, the Fathers left for their respective homes, not without saying good-bye to one to whom the Province is so much indebted. A Father, who had been nine years his Provincial, knelt down for the old man's blessing, and after receiving it, rose, stretched out his hands with the words, "*a rivederci in Paradiso.*" They never met again.

On August the 11th, the invalid returned to Rhyl a dying man. He was met there by two friends who were assiduous in their attention. He stayed at the Jesuit house, and in spite of his many infirmities, said Mass every morning. It was sad, said his friends, to see the old man stagger to the altar. Even then his love of rule displayed itself. Someone seems to have noticed that his Mass was rather long. He begged a friend to tell him in what portion of the Holy Sacrifice he tarried unduly, because, as he said, St. Ignatius is very particular as to the length of Mass. When the friend said that the slow Mass was the re-

sult of bodily weakness, he insisted, nevertheless, on hearing where he delayed too long, so as to finish in half an hour. In spite of weakness, which seemed to increase daily, he was happy and cheerful at Rhyl. He grew thinner and more emaciated because he could not eat. No food, however light or delicate, tempted him. He was constantly saying, " I can't swallow, I can't swallow." The doctor thought the nerves of the throat had contracted and were unable to function. It gave him a little pleasure to walk and scent the sea breeze. He never liked taking a cab for fear of the expense ; and when he did accept this small comfort, the difficulty of getting in and out was considerable. At last, by much coaxing, he was persuaded to accept a bath-chair, and every day he took a drive. For some time, even before his last illness, he much enjoyed listening while a book of his own selection was read. The reader will be interested to know the style of book he chose. Individuality, as the world in its wisdom assures us, had long ago been stamped out of him. Weary and worn after seventy years of labour, suffer-

ing from various infirmities, shortly before God's tremendous judgment, the old Soldier of Christ asked for the Lives of Wellington and Napoleon; and there by the sea at Rhyl he listened while his friend read of their glorious deeds. "I like great men, big men, strong men," he said, and whenever some act of unusual daring was related, "Ah," he would remark, "there's a fine move, there's a fine move." The Irishman in him was not dead yet. The old fire smouldered still, it only needed a little encouragement to leap into flame. But, of course, the world is right, as it always is: individuality had gone for ever. Now the fact is, St. Ignatius and all the Saints of his Society could not have stamped individuality out of Father Peter Gallwey. And what is more, St. Ignatius would have been the last man to try, not only because the task was impossible, but because his strong common sense would have revolted against such an insane proceeding. The Saint wished to mould his men, clad in infirmity from head to foot, on the Divine Exemplar. The natural character is from God. Ignatius no more desired to destroy the indi-

viduality of his subjects than to change the shape of their faces. But no matter what one says, the world will go on repeating the story, and the silly tale will stick.

The weakness continued to increase, due to inability to swallow food, and Father Gallwey expressed a wish to return to Farm Street. He was very anxious to see the Father Vice-Provincial, to whom he was tenderly attached. He was fully aware of his state, for he wrote to one of our Fathers that he was returning home to die. A month at the sea was unavailing to restore his strength, and on September 10th, the Brother Infirmarian met him at Euston and brought him to his room in Mount Street. On his arrival he went to his bed, from which he never rose.

His love of prayer was, as in life, very striking at the end. He was praying, said the Infirmarian, all day. Few of the Community saw him in his last illness, except, of course, his Rector and the Vice-Provincial, who heard his last confession and administered Extreme Unction and Viaticum. Father Gallwey's habitual reserve, his simplicity and strength of character, accounted

for his desire to be alone with God in the last days spent on earth. The Infirmarian who nursed him so long was ordered by the Superior to Bournemouth for a change of air, and the Infirmarian from Manresa took his place. The latter assured me that he never nursed a more obedient patient. Whatever the doctor or Infirmarian ordered, he readily and cheerfully obeyed. At times he had to submit to medical treatment which must have been most repugnant to a man of his disposition. But he bore the pain and the humiliating surroundings without a murmur, his lips whispering prayers all the time.

He grew daily thinner as he could not swallow; and one day he remarked to the Infirmarian: "Brother, I can count my own ribs." On the last occasion I saw him the change was most marked. The body seemed extended beyond its natural length, and the face, usually pale, was covered with a deep, crimson flush. The aged priest, who had so often chased the shadows from the chamber of death, had himself to face the darkness and sorrow that hang around its gates. For others he was a death-bed

specialist. He had only one medicine for the dying, Jesus Crucified and *Maria Desolata*. Their names were in his heart and on his lips. He loved to give the dying the Body of the Lord, and that marvellous invention of mercy, the last anointing, which purifies and strengthens the soul ere it passes to the judgment. Now his own time had come, the Master pronounced the words *Consummatum est*, the day of labour was over. He had consoled many a death-bed. The chamber of the dying, after the Chapel, was the place which he loved most in this world. The God of all consolation will not forget his faithful servant's well-earned reward. Assuredly the reward came, though not perhaps in the form we anticipate. Some ten days before his death he wrote in a letter to a great friend, a Religious of the Holy Child: "Get me some prayers, child, my soul is sad." Here is a frank confession, "my soul is sad," and he was not a man to complain without a cause. "My soul is sad," and that sadness seems to have remained to the end. It might seem presumption and impertinence to attempt any explanation of divine deal-

ings, for we are told that high as the Heavens are above the earth are God's thoughts above our thoughts, and His ways above our ways. But surely to those who are surprised at Father Gallwey's complaint, it may be permitted to offer an explanation which lies on the surface. Of two souls the holier may have the longer and severer punishment on earth and in Purgatory. Great and glorious deeds for God earn a magnificent reward, but in men of strong character and great virtue there may be many faults to cancel, and much rust to remove, ere the eye be strong enough to see God face to face, or the heart pure enough to rejoice in His joy. Why may not the sadness have been sent to this true Jesuit at eighty-six on his bed of death, after working seventy years for his Master, possibly in punishment of small offences due to human frailty, and as an act of justice, sweetened by mercy, to shorten Purgatory, where pain is far more severe, and sadness far more acute? Surely there is also another explanation which, without penetrating God's unseen ways, may be mentioned in all reverence. Christ's death will

remain to the end of time the model, the hope, and the strength of the dying. No death was ever so holy : He alone was found worthy to suffer without any consolation in His abandonment. The sadness at the end in the aged Jesuit may have been brightened by moments of spiritual comfort unobserved by onlookers, and it may have been a privilege to draw him closer to the Crucified, whom in life he preached unceasingly. Whatever be the hidden mystery of those words, " My heart is sad," fear of death was not one. He assured a member of his Community that death had no terrors for him. And he was the last man in the world to exaggerate.

As the end drew near, his anxiety to die increased. The frame was terribly worn and exhausted ; the tongue could only feebly gasp forth the words, often repeated, " My God, my God," and on Sunday night, September 23, 1906, raising his hand to make the Sign of the Cross, he died.

The Sodality Hall was converted into a *Chapelle ardente*, good Catholics came to pray beside the coffin where he lay in his

priestly vestments. On September 27th, the Solemn Requiem was sung in Farm Street. A few words of recognition and encouragement were said from the pulpit, in which he so often preached during forty years. After the Absolution he was taken to Fulham Churchyard. The prayers at the grave were read by his Rector, and as the Farm Street Choir sang the *Benedictus,* the canticle of hope and praise, the mortified body was gently lowered to its lonely bed for the long sleep. May he rest in peace.

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